YANK

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By the men . . for the men in the service

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A WEEK OF WAR

African War in Second Phase As Rommel Flees Again; Gona Captured

Grand Pincer Strategy

NORTH AFRICA was the center of greatest military interest last week, as the war continued intensely active on five fronts.

Lacking air superiority in Western Africa, Allied advance patrols were forced to withdraw some 20 miles before powerful German tank and infantry attacks southwest of Bizerte and Tunis. The Germans took the important triangle of Mateur, Djedeida and Tebourba, but the Allies held at a straight line before Medjez el Bab, 35 miles southwest of Tunis, thwarting a flanking attempt and controlling the strategic strong points on the roads leading to Tunis.

It was not lack of planes but of landing fields that delayed the Anglo-American effort to take the naval base of Bizerte, a port reportedly large enough to hold all the world's fleets and Tunis, Tunisian capital, metropolis and port. Ground crews worked desperately to establish fields from which planes could be flown to the front. The Luftwaffe, on the other hand, had the advantage of landing fields at Bizerte and Tunis, and in nearby Sicily and Sardinia.

The news from Libya was better. A rested, strengthened British 8th Army outmaneuvered Rommel's battered Afrika Korps and sent it in headlong flight westward from El Agheila in mid-Libya. Rommel's next defensible position appeared to be Misurata, 300 miles to the west and only 100 miles east of Tripoli, Libya's capital and main port.

Simultaneously, Allied planes opened their mightiest air assault yet in North Africa, blasting huge craters in airfields at Bizerte and Tunis. Naples, Italy's largest port and center for shipment of supplies and reinforcements to North Africa, got its third pasting of the week.

Thus began the second phase in the decisive battle for Northeastern Africa. The Allied strategy was obvious—a grand pincers involving the British First Army and Americans under the command of Lt. Gen. Eisenhower to drive from the west, while the British 8th Army under Gen. Alexander hit Rommel from the east. It was too early to tell whether the Allies were yet strong enough in supply and air bases to drive for Bizerte and Tunis simultaneously with the 8th Army's attack on Rommel.

In Washington Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson warned against over optimism, saying that "there will be much toil, sweat and blood," and that the main Allied African offensive is yet to come. Lt. Gen. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, pointed out that the sky battle over Tunisia might determine air control not only of the Mediterranean but possibly of all western Europe if Germany were forced to take great losses.

Only 90 miles from Sicily, Tunisia flanks the narrowest waters of the Mediterranean, dubbed "Death Alley" by sailors who pass en route to Malta. With Allied planes based there, the most vulnerable part of the Mediterranean could be unblocked and made safer for convoys bound from Gibraltar to the East with war supplies for Russia.

GONA CAPTURED

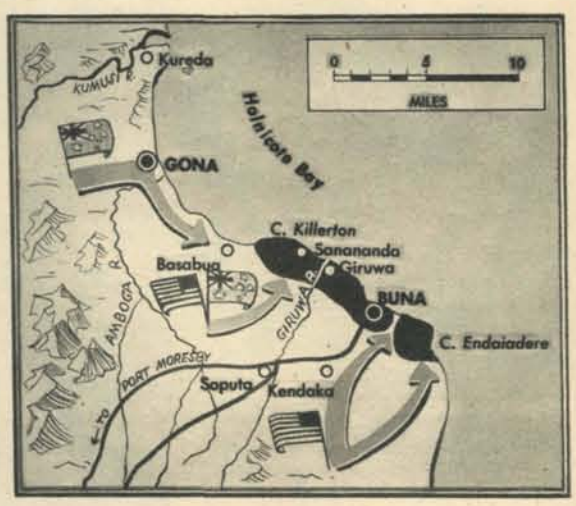
Japs Trapped in New Guinea

IT LOOKED LIKE another Bataan, but this time it was the Jap rats who were caught in the trap, their backs to the sea and their supplies cut off. With simple ironic justice, this too was Gen. MacArthur's show; he was in the front lines.

Stemming a Japanese invasion which had once threatened Port Moresby, directly north of Australia, Australian and American troops, Negro and white, had pushed the experienced Japanese jungle fighters back some 60 miles across the rugged Owen Stanley Mountains and had trapped them in a mile-wide, 10-mile-long strip of coast on the northeastern shore of New Guinea. The tiny village of Gona marked one end of this strip; near the other end were Buna and Buna Mission, the main supply base when the Japs first landed last July.

Six times Jap naval forces tried to land aid for their isolated troops in this coastal pocket; six times Allied heavy bombers put the convoys to rout, sinking eight cruisers, seven destroyers and a 12,000-ton transport.

The village of Gona finally fell after 16 days of hand-to-hand fighting. There was little love lost



on either side; only four Jap prisoners were taken in the whole operation. Jap bombers chose to celebrate the anniversary of Pearl Harbor by bombing and strafing a plainly marked American field hospital for the third time, killing seven doctors and helpless stretcher cases and wounding 30 more.

Then, in the fourth week of the fight for Buna, American forces launched an offensive against Buna village, clearing the Japanese from 150 yards of jungle and cocoanut palms, and advancing to the outskirts of the village from three sides. More important, a little group of bearded, grimy Americans pushed through to the sea and dug in between a maze of Japanese tunnel and pill-box positions at Buna Mission and Buna village about 600 yards farther west. This salient separated Japanese in the village from reinforcements in Buna Mission. Though grazed several times by shrapnel and bullets, Sgt. Herman Bottcher, leader of the group, led his men in repulsing Jap attacks from both the mission and the village. He sneaked out alone and with grenades wiped out a machine gun that had been harassing his men. The wedge held.

It looked like the beginning of the end for the starved and beleaguered Japs in Northeastern New Guinea.

U.S.S.R.

Offensive Continues

IN THEIR FIERCE Winter offensive, launched a fortnight ago, the Soviets clawed deeper and deeper into German lines around Rzhev and Stalingrad, though the Germans still held the strategic points to which their positions are anchored.

German transport planes were trying to fly to the aid of 300,000 men, reportedly trapped between the Volga and the Don northeast of Stalingrad. The Russians reported shooting down 60 of these transports in one day.

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Bombs Over Burma

A YANK Reporter Writes First Eyewitness Story of a Moonlight Raid on Rangoon By American B-24s From India

By SGT. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA [By Cable]—There was a moon over Burma—not full, as one songwriter lyricized, but still brilliant enough to silhouette the ships in Rangoon harbor and reflect off the roofs of Japanese warehouses along the docks.

Rangoon caught hell that night because of that heavenly glow.

It was a bomber's moon, the kind that puts a shimmering silvery finger on the target and holds it there until blotted out by the fire and smoke of bursting bombs. That's what happened to Rangoon when the Man in The Moon teamed up with Yank bombardiers for a little workout on the Japs.

This is the first eyewitness account of an air attack on Burma by India-based American bombers. I saw it through the open bomb-bay doors of a giant B-24, stretched out on the floor of the radio compartment with my head hanging out over the catwalk.

The moon hadn't come up yet when our flight of B-24s took off from this U. S. bomber base. Capt. Joseph S. Pirruccello, squadron operations officer, briefed pilots and crews in a tiny smoke-filled room lighted only by a gasoline lantern. After announcing the primary and secondary targets for the mission, plus usual weather information, Pirruccello told them to expect Japanese night fighters on this trip over Rangoon.

In Last Bomber To Take Off

Lt. Col. Conrad Necrasson, of Cooperstown, N. Y., 31-year-old group commander, added:

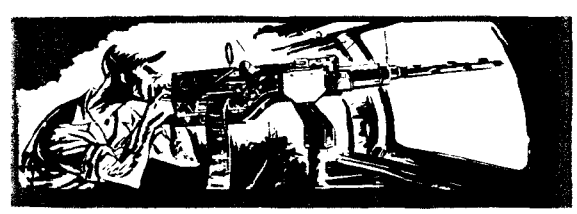
"There's a 10-day furlough waiting for you gunners who get Jap night fighters on this mission. Good luck to you." He added as an afterthought: "Incidentally, we all got shot down over Bankok the other night, according to the Japs."

Our big, four-motored bomber, with Capt. Pirruccello at the controls, was last to take off. It was individual bombing tonight, not formation attack. Pirruccello, as flight leader, chose to be last in place over the target. He would take the butt of the attack rather than have ack-ack guns and night fighters gang up on one of his other pilots. Likewise, he wanted to check on damage done by preceding planes. So we took off in the hot spot.

The moon came up at about 11:30 to lead us into Rangoon. A few hours out, the crew started to warm up their guns. They weren't going to miss any Jap fighters—or that 10-day furlough—because of a cold gun.

Sgt. Pete Lanchak, rear gunner, suggested I fire a few bursts from the waist-window gun, just to get the feel of it in case one of our gunners got shot and needed a pinch hitter. So I buried several rounds in a nearby cloud, the busts of fire disappearing into billowy whiteness.

Soon after that, Sgt. Larry Phipps, the engineer, came around to get my signature on a form



which lists the names of all members of the plane's crew and the passengers. Our crew's names looked like the line-up of a Notre Dame football squad. Here's how they were listed with home-town and ancestry supplied by later questioning:

Capt. Joseph S. Pirruccello, Omaha, Nebr., pilot; Italian.

2nd Lt. Richard T. Henning, Albemarle, N. C., co-pilot; Norwegian.

2nd Lt. Robert J. Shimanek, Chicago, Ill., bom-navigator; English.

2nd Lt. Fletcher F. Taylor Jr., Dallas, Tex., navigator; English.

T/Sgt. John W. Irme, Burlington, N. J., engineer-gunner; Hungarian.

Sgt. Joseph V. LeBlanc, New Orleans, La., radio operator; French.

T/Sgt. Lawrence L. Phipps, Ponca City, Okla., engineer; Scotch-Irish.

Sgt. Peter Lanchak, McKees Rocks, Pa., rear gunner; Ukranian.

S/Sgt. Marcel R. Vuilleuoier, Los Angeles, Calif., aerial photographer; French.

A half-hour away from Rangoon, Pirruccello ordered all gunners to their positions for the attack. Phipps climbed into the top turret, LeBlanc and Irme manned the two waist-window guns, with Lanchak in the rear and Vuilleuoier nosing his camera down through the belly turret.

Ten minutes later, through the interphone, Pirruccello gave the alert order. We were still 50 miles from Rangoon. But Jap searchlights were already visible.

We were up to 1400 feet now. The searchlights grew brighter and red flares from ack-ack spit furiously into the moonlit sky. Over the interphone, Henning ordered everyone to don oxygen masks. The navigator phoned minute-by-minute course directions to Pirruccello. We leveled off at about 1800 feet and started up the right bank of the Rangoon River.

Over the interphone, the navigator called, "We will be over the target in four minutes." I opened the door leading from the radio compartment to the catwalk and stretched out on the floor with my head hanging over the bomb-bay doors. Equipped with oxygen mask and interphone, I had a ringside seat.

The searchlights were after us now. Long stabs of white light sought to box us in for ack-ack batteries below. But Pirruccello kept the B-24 just out of range, eluding them like the tacklers he dodged when playing halfback for Creighton University.

Two feet below me, a pair of yellow-painted blockbusters nestled in the bomb racks. Behind them were more thousand-pounders. I reached out and patted the nearest one. "Give 'em hell, baby," I said.

Suddenly the bomb-bay doors swung open. Blasts of icy wind whipped into my face, watering my eyes and temporarily obscuring my vision. When my eyes cleared, I thought for a minute,

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that I was back in the States witnessing a Fourth-of-July celebration.

The ack-ack was getting hotter and higher now. It climbed up toward us relentlessly. Huge billows of smoke and roaring flames marked the spots below where other B-24s had dropped their loads.

Our target was a warehouse. We started our run. Through the interphone, Shimanek called, "On course!" He had levelled his bubble. Seconds later came the bombardier's "Bombs away!" He yelled it out like an Indian war whoop. Two yellow thousand-pounders in the front rack dropped away simultaneously. The others followed a split second later. The plane lurched upward as it lost its load, jolting my head further out of the door over the open bomb bay.

I lost sight of our bombs in the layer of darkness between the plane and the ground. Down below the earth trembled with the shock of exploding bombs dropped by our predecessors over the target. At one point along the dock, three mountains of smoke rose up from direct hits. Bombs had been dropped so accurately it was as if a drill sergeant had called, "Dress right dress!"

Hounded by Ground Lights

The ack-ack was getting closer now. It no longer had the festive look of a Fourth of July. Three searchlight batteries were trying to pick us up. They chased us all over the sky, once flashing across our tail momentarily before we ducked out of range again.

Our B-24s rode over the target area for four minutes after Shimanek "killed" his bomb trip. Pirruccello wanted to check on the damage and give Vuilleouier time to get pictures of it.

The ack-ack was getting too close for comfort now. Then the Jap radio-spotter system picked us up. A series of six red lights trailed along in our wake, pointing out our course to gun batteries and fighter planes. The train of red ground lights hounded us continuously. They were setting us up for concentrated fire. Our other planes had cut out for home. It was us against the field now. The bomb-bay doors slammed shut. My ringside view of the ack-ack and bursting bombs was cut off. I peered out the side window to see the last round.

From his waist-gun position Irme interphoned the appearance of two Jap night fighters off to the right. They were looking us over, but wouldn't come within range. The Japs don't like the guns on a B-24.

Shimanek called out from the nose: "There's a twin-engine plane about 3000 feet below us. She's headed in the opposite direction." A few seconds later, Shimanek reported again: "Three gun batteries and two searchlights directly ahead. They're lining us up."

That was the final gong so far as we were concerned. Pirruccello cut sharply to the right, away from the gun batteries, and went into a slanting dive at 230 miles per hour. We levelled off at about 7000 feet and tailed it for home.

Behind us, Rangoon warehouses and docks still burned fiercely. A red glow marked the blacked-out city of ancient pagodas and monasteries. Rangoon, derived from the Burmese word "Yangon" meaning, "the end of strife", wasn't very appropriately named tonight.

No. 5 Still Fails To Return

The Jap fighter planes didn't follow us, much to the disgust of Lanchek and Irme. They had counted on getting the Japs out into the open where they didn't have their ack-ack guns to keep us doubly busy. Pete and Johnny would have to wait for another crack at the pea-shooters —and that 10-day furlough.

All planes in the flight were slated to report to Pirruccello at a designated time en route home. And their reports came in one by one until only No. 5 plane was unreported. LeBlanc, the radio operator, kept tuned in continuously, waiting for the missing message. It never came.

At post-flight briefing, when we had landed, pilots and crews gave detailed accounts of the mission. Five direct hits on the docks, other hits on the warehouses, was the score. Some of our bombers had exchanged shots with Jap fighter planes at long range. But nobody had seen plane No. 5 after it had reached the target area. It's crew of four officers and five enlisted men are still unreported.

The moon over Burma knows what happened to the nine Americans on plane No. 5. But it can't tell us. It's only our silent partner.

Sgt. Ernest Robson and Pvt. Rocco Perrotti were boyhood pals in Orange, N. J. They were wounded in the same action at Safi, Morocco. Now they occupy adjoining beds at Walter Reed Hospital.

Yanks at Home and

Lost In the Pacific, This B-17 Lives Up to Her Name to the Last

At an Airbase in the Pacific [By Cable]—After they had dropped machine guns, bombs and all ammunition aboard, Bombardier Raymond Storey let go with the bombsight.

"Bombsight's away," Storey shouted as the secret instrument dropped toward water. Everyone had a good laugh over that.

There was only enough gas for a few minutes of flying and none in the crew knew where in the South Pacific they were. They had left their base in the B-17 early in the afternoon with other bombers looking for an enemy cruiser reported several hundred miles out.

Weather was bad; rain came down in steady streams. No trace of the moon could be seen. The stars were hidden by black clouds. Capt. Willard Woodbury, of Omaha, Nebr., had flown the ship at 20,000 feet most of the way. It was so cold up there that Woodbury and his co-pilot, Lt. Roscoe Booth, of Cedar City, Utah, had put their feet on the steering column to keep them from freezing.

After dark they flew away from the lead ship of the squadron to take star shots and radio their base to find their position.

None remembers who first admitted they were lost, but it was then that Woodbury gave the order to throw all equipment overboard.

Perhaps 20 minutes later Sgt. Royce A. Parke, engineer, shouted, "Land!" The tiny dark island below didn't look much like his home at Devil's Lake, N. Dak., but it was "terra firma."

"The more firma the less terra," S/Sgt. Vernon Berg, radio operator, of Bottineau, N. Dak., punned, and they all laughed again. Four times Woodbury circled the blob of land below and Sgt. Berg radioed their position as accurately as he could and hoped only that someone would pick it up.

Meantime the rest of the crew was jerking loose life rafts. Capt. Woodbury saw it was no use trying to land on the island because it was impossible to make out the coastline, so he headed for a reef. As the B-17 struck, its tail broke off, and less than a minute later all were out of the plane and onto three life rafts.

"I think I've broken my leg," Sgt. Storey, of Jacksonville, Fla., said quietly. Sgt. Lawrence Johnson, of Escanaba, Mich., gunner; Cpl. Walter E. Sabold, of Shoemakersville, Pa., assistant radio operator; and Lt. Louis Schauer of Hartford, navigator, who were on the raft with Storey, put their jackets under his head and pushed for shore.

After they had paddled for 30 minutes all three rafts still were under the wing of the plane. It took them three hours to go a mile and a half to land against a strong undercurrent and tide.

By the time they had lifted Storey from the raft, made a splint for his leg with bamboo, and swabbed the wound with iodine, Sgt. James Thompson, of River Rouge, Mich., a gunner from another raft, carried in a first-aid kit.

In the morning six stayed with Storey and the rest swam to the plane, which still teetered on the reef. A ration box was floating alongside. Inside were two quarts of tomato juice, most of which they gave to Storey, and a gallon of water so stagnant they held their noses as they drank.

The first day they explored the island, some always remaining with Storey. All the trees they saw were dead. There were tremendous spiders everywhere, but no people.

During the afternoon Capt. Woodbury, Sgt. Thompson and Cpl. Sabold built a sign on the shore with cocoanut leaves. "Aid—Doctor" it said, all in capital letters.

The next day a B-26 flew over, dropped flares and rations wrapped in a sheet, and messaged that help was on the way. Most of the food tasted of gasoline and the cigarettes were cracked from the impact of the drop. But there was a package of Bull Durham, which they rolled in sheets of notebook paper. The tobacco tasted fine.

It rained again during the evening and they stood guard over Storey, trying to build shelter with dead leaves and the sheet.

About dawn Cpl. Sabold heard what he

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A big moment in New Guinea—and for that matter a big moment for a soldier anywhere. The fight with the Jap is forgotten as the mail is examined in a jungle before being distributed.

Abroad

OUR NEW REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM NEW GUINEA COOKS TO CAIRO PARTIES

thought was a plane. He didn't say anything; he didn't want Storey to be disappointed.

But in a few minutes a PBY landed. They eased Storey aboard. As the ship roared over the island they took one last look at the remnants of their B-17, still visible on the reef. They had flown her at Midway and in the Solomons. Before that they had named her *Columbus* because "she was always looking for land."

SGT. MERLE MILLER
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Even Cooks Are Unsung Heroes In Rugged Fighting in New Guinea

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Cable]—They say a mother can recognize her own son anywhere, but it's doubtful that all the mothers of the American infantrymen now doggedly hammering away at the strong Japanese resistance in the jungles of Northeast New Guinea could instantly spot their favorite G.I.s. In the first place, practically every Yank up here has lost weight, understandable enough where the temperature is usually around the hundred mark and the sweat pours down you all day long. Mother's recognition would further be impeded by the fact that most of the men up at the front have bushy beards—not just a few days' scraggly growth but real thick beards that, along with their ragged clothes, give many the appearance of frontiersmen.

They were a dapper enough crew when they started off through the jungle wearing brand new denim outfits dyed a mottled green, with green camouflage leggings, belts, helmets, and packs to match. But the mud and the heat of this grim battlefield inevitably leave their mark on the sturdiest equipment. The Yanks look like veterans now, and, since there isn't any chance of their mothers seeing them for quite a whole and there's a good chance of a Jap sniper's spotting them, they've voluntarily disfigured their once-natty looks further by daubing their hands and faces with green camouflage.

It's tough fighting in the jungle, and every member of a unit up front is in the thick of it. You wouldn't ordinarily expect a mess sergeant or a cook to distinguish himself on the firing line, but that's what happened a couple of weeks ago when one company couldn't find its kitchen personnel at meal time. The mess sergeant and the cook turned up a little later, apologetic for being late but with an excellent excuse. It seemed they had heard of a Jap machine-gun nest down the trail and, without bothering to let anyone know, had sneaked up behind the enemy position and polished it off as expertly as they ever prepared a stew.

This isn't the kind of war in which large bodies of troops are involved. Japanese snipers in trees, and machine gunners and mortarmen in strongly fortified emplacements have been doing most of the damage to the Yanks who are slowly pushing them back through the jungle and the spikey six-foot grass at its fringes and the occasional cocoanut groves scattered about like oases. There are dozens of uncited heroes and, many of their deeds may never be officially recognized, because their names are not known.

Courage is one of the few items the Yanks have in large quantities. There was the rifleman who walked wearily into an aid station the other day, half carrying a wounded soldier. "I just got my first Jap," he told a medic there, "and then they got my buddy." The medic suggested that he sit down and rest for a while. "Hell no," said the rifleman, "gotta go back now and get one for him."

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

This Guy Wouldn't Be a Captain; It Called for Too Much Red Tape

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Promotions are being made so fast among officers and men here that quite frequently a private will jump to master sergeant and a corporal will be made a lieutenant. It is difficult to keep track of a man's rank. Because of wartime shipping and manufacturing, Army insignia are scarce. Stripes are hard to get and officers' metal insignia even harder. One shavetail was promoted to first lieutenant but had to go around with gold bars for two weeks, poor man, before he could get hold of a pair of silver ones. That slick sleeve without stripes you see on the streets may look like a dogface private, but probably is a staff sergeant who just couldn't run down any insignia. Especially is this true of troops in the bush or at advanced airfields.

Speaking of promotions, T/Sgt. Charlie Roland, of Berkeley Springs, W. Va., hates red tape so much he actually turned down a chance to get a bar or two. Back in civil life, as a graduate of Syracuse University's School of Forestry, he'd been doing forestry work for the U. S. Civil Service. In the performance of this work he had to fill out numberless forms in duplicate and triplicate. When he joined the Army he swore he'd never fill out another form unless he absolutely had to. He'd been doing such efficient work in GHQ that his superior officer recommended him for a jump to commissioned grade —possibly a captaincy.

When Roland was told that it had been arranged for him to be automatically commissioned, he was naturally pleased. "Just fill out these forms which I have already approved," the officer told Roland, handing him a sheaf of papers.

Sgt. Roland put the papers in his desk drawer. That was months ago, and he still hasn't taken them out to complete them. Too much red tape.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Yanks Solve Language Problem In Oran By Teaching Natives English

WITH THE U.S. CENTER TASK FORCE, ORAN [By Radio]—A third of the local populace hereabout speak French, Spanish and Arabic—all with a touch resembling Southern drawl. The town itself has narrow, crooked streets like the old European cities. And you sit at the tables of outdoor cafes, instead of standing at bars, while taking in the town and a glass or two, which is generally wine. But, superficial differences aside, the streets should bring back memories.

Three out of four streets here are lined with American OD. There's no store that isn't crowded with G.I. shoppers. And even the homeliest dames can take their pick of the lot.

Drop an American soldier in mud up to his neck and two days later he'll be planning a modern camp, including plumbing, central heating and lighting. But, even here, camp is still just a place to hang your barracks bag. And when the Old Man gives out with the passes, the soldiers shave, shine, shower and hie toward the brightest lights in the neighborhood. They go via the thumb-and-truck route in these parts.

A certain amount of good old American enterprise has colored Main Street technique even here. The Arab bootblacks, especially, are stimulated to great lengths by the sight of dust on G.I. brogans. If you don't keep moving, you'll find your shoes half-polished before you know what's happening.

One enterprising lad, dressed in what seemed to be a badly worn rag rug, has been doing a big business. To prospects he proudly displays a recommendation written by a satisfied G.I. client: "To all who shall see these presents, Greetings: Know ye that reposing special trust and confidence in the fidelity of Boric Acid, I do hereby appoint him first sergeant (permanent) in the Shoe-Shine Boys Army of Algeria." It is signed, "Joe Brow, Third Lieutenant, Underground Mess Kit Repair Unit."

Oran is more a suburb of Marseilles than the gateway to the Sahara. The language may be French but the American soldier alters his native wood-notes wild for no one. Three days in North Africa and the shock of hearing everyone talking incomprehensibly wears off, and the dogfaces begin teaching the waiters, shoe-shine boys and street merchants to talk American, feeling sorry for the poor people who never learned to speak honest English in the first place.

A few problems of speech are solved by posters listing the most useful phrases, such as: "I want something to eat"—*Je desire manger;* "I want a glass of beer"—*Je desire un verre de bierre;* "Where is the toilet?"—*Ou sont les WC?;* "Have you a cheap room?"—*Avez vous une chambre bon marche?*

Oran has a choice of wines, from pale Mascara

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to sweet, heavy Muscatel. While there doesn't seem to be a sirloin on the entire continent, you can get a good supper of hors d'oeuvres, potage, brains, liver, rice, tangerines and dates. The French waiter takes no chances, adding his 10 per cent tip to your bill. Being American you add a few francs to show that the U.S. is still the most generous, prosperous and *"sympathique"* country on earth.

The mutual exchange of good feeling has resulted in the violin trio at the Crillon Restaurant playing "St. Louis Blues" every other night for the past there weeks.

Local talent is now supplemented by movies. They're running 3 o'clock matinees with two films starring a French comedian. There's also a local edition of the Folies Bergere. And the special service officer now promises American films. The American Red Cross workers in charge of the African version of USO are kept busy answering the three old questions: "Where do we get something to eat? Where do we get a bath? Where do we get a bed?"

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Pants Don't Make a Gallagher; Being a Few Curt Notes from Cairo

CAIRO—The newest phase of lend-lease comes from Uncle Sam's forward desert airfields where the Yank airmen have been issued British woolen battle dress as a protection against the raw desert nights. Many U. S. troops here are also finding British crew shirts and drawers among their regular underwear issue.

Boys from a U. S. medium bomber squadron, returning from week-end leaves in Alexandria, report the dragomen (native guides) there are employing a new selling angle. Several tell of having been met by a tall dragoman who offers this sales talk: "I'm Tim Mahoney from Brooklyn. Let me take you to see the so and so." Another, who has acquired a pair of European trousers, prefaces his talk with "I am Gallagher from Boston, America." When the soldiers express their doubt of that origin, Gallagher says "Would I be Egyptian with pants like these?"

Ever since droves of southward-flying wild ducks and geese have been spotted over the desert airfields, Yank airmen have been nagging the Tommie AA gunners for a shot at the wildfowl, promising a generous percentage of the resulting roast duck as a reward. So far they haven't swung the deal.

Two of the most substantial egg-eaters up and down this desert front are Cpl. Bob Beerman of Los Angeles, still man for the Army Photo Unit in this theater, and Correspondent Bob Landry, magazine photographer. On a recent visit to the U. S. forward flying fields they came across three young native boys who were peddling the pigeon-sized Egyptian hen eggs and the tasty local tomatoes which are about the size of golf balls. Landry and Beerman cornered the market, buying out the three young merchants at a rate of two eggs for three piastres. With the total of 38 eggs and a mound of tomatoes thus bought, the two started to cook. Using half a petrol tin for a griddle and a camera tripod as a stirring fork, they scrambled the whole mess in 45 minutes. The native boys told them they had been selling to the Germans and Italians there just a few weeks before.

South African airmen, who are camped a neighborly distance from the Yanks of a medium bomber squadron, have been introduced to the American institution of crap shooting. The South Africans hadn't heard of the game until they met the Yank airmen on a visit that came shortly after payday. They caught on quickly, however, and at last report more than one South African had taken an old hand for a cleaning. The Yanks were surprised to find that the South Africans talk more like Americans than any foreigners they'd met. Visiting their camp, they found the South Africans' tent walls plastered with luscious pin-ups from Life and Esquire.

Sitting in on a bull session with enlisted men of a forward bomber squadron, this correspondent compiled the following list of what the boys want most from home:

1. A genuine hamburger
2. Some sweet young things
3. A glass of cold cow's milk
4. Some sweet young things
5. Ice cream sodas—all flavors
6. Seats on the 50-yard line at the hometown football game
7. Some sweet young things
8. A platter of real fried chicken.

YANK CAIRO BUREAU

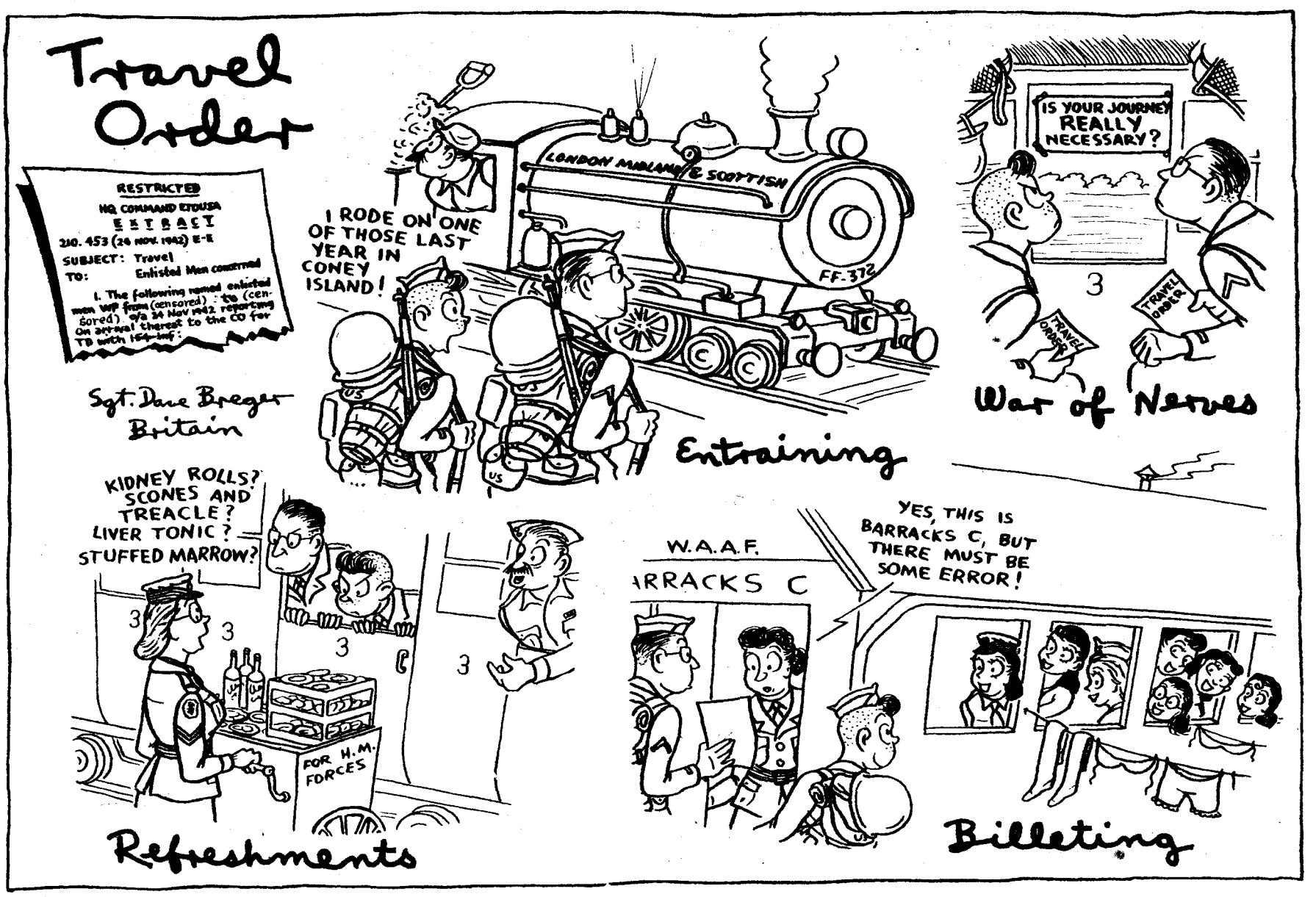
Musical comedy queens in a Pacific base show.

Plenty of People in England Want to Have Us In for Dinner

LONDON—Yanks in London who wish to meet an Englishman in their own line of work need only to drop in at the English Speaking Union, 37 Charles Street, W.1. The ESU has a card index of thousands of Britons, ranging from mechanics to members of the House of Lords, who have offered to have us as guests at dinner or the theater. A Yank who was a lawyer in civilian

G.I. Joe

by Sgt. Dave Breger



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life may find himself dining with Cummings Carr, a leading prosecuting attorney, and a soldier interested in European history may be the guest of one of Anthony Eden's assistants.

The ESU, specializing in individual hospitality and leaving the large-scale projects to the Red Cross, offers much more than dinner and theater arrangements, of course. Yanks who'd like to study a foreign language or such subjects as English law or history are steered to the proper libraries, teachers, and correspondence schools. Devotees of classical music (and there are a whale of a lot among us) are given concert tickets or sent to the home of one of the Union's hosts who has a voluminous library of records.

In its time, the ESU has been given some pretty problems by curious Yanks. The toughest request fulfilled so far was from a lad who asked the ESU to locate a half-sister named Jones in "a place called Liverpool." Within a week the ESU had arranged a reunion.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

Pvt. Muggins May Be a Mutt, But He Can Guard As Well As You, Joe

SOMEWHERE IN THE TRINIDAD SECTOR—Private Muggins's stubby legs, wabbling from the after effects of seasickness, carried him unsteadily down the gangplank of an Army transport.

A charter member of Uncle Sam's newly-organized K-9 Corps, he was the first of the Army's four-legged dog-soldiers to set paw in the Trinidad Sector.

From all appearances Private Muggins is merely another member of his species. He's typical of many of his kind in American homes.

Private Muggins has been trained the Army way, now, however, and he's been taught to fight and defend, viciously and scientifically. Apparently a cross between a boxer and a bull, he weighs 45 pounds and in combat knows how to use every ounce to advantage.

It's a fact that, by virtue of his Army training, Private Muggins and one soldier are the equal of eight guards. It's also an established

A recruit in the Army's K-9 Corps in Trinidad.

truth that an armed person would have only one chance in six of overcoming the canine G. I.

Private Muggins was accompanied here by the rest of his "squad" of nine dogs. Four are Doberman Pincers and the rest German Shepherds. All sport the K-9 insignia—a dog's paw centering a circle of red, white, and blue.

Their muster into the Army paralleled in many ways that of the average soldier.

All were donated by citizens and sent to Front Royal, Va., for "induction" and "processing." Physical examinations, including blood tests, were given. Intelligence was determined through simple tests. General characteristics and habits, mental and physical were noted. To be admitted to K-9 they had to be 18 inches tall and from one to five years old.

Like all G. I.s they were required to withstand the unpleasant needle of the medico. They were vaccinated for rabies. And they, too, were given Army serial numbers, stamped on their ears.

In Alexandria, an American sergeant gives Nazi and Italian prisoners the once-over.

The dogs were put through simple but effective basic training. They learned the voice of their instructors, became familiar with commands and were taught obedience. Early in the training period their instructor noted their particular qualifications and then trained them in their specialty.

Some dogs are naturally adapted to track down escaped prisoners. Others possess the qualifications necessary for guard duty. Some become outright "killers." Muggins is one of these.

In the Trinidad Sector the dogs' training is under direction of Pvt. Roderick Rabitaille, who did similar work in civilian life. The dogs are fed special diets, follow a regular rest schedule, and receive expert medical attention.

Private Muggins and his squad now are engaged in advanced training. Daily they are put through their paces, some of which are routine. Certain phases of their training are Army secrets, however.

Already competent, Private Muggins and his squad are becoming even more capable, sharpening their naturally keen faculties and toughening their already strong bodies. When their training is over they will guard communication centers, ammunition dumps, docks and wharves. They will also act as messengers.

CPL. FRANK H. RICE
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Cairo Cafes Have Trick Checks But If You Can Add, You're Safe

CAIRO—Americans seem to be the only people fighting this war who still observe the old custom of "going Dutch." You find this out in Egypt the first time you ask the waiter for separate checks.

"Makee separate checkum," you say in your best pidgin-English. The waiter merely blinks. He doesn't get it at all, so he calls the head waiter. This lordly person gets the drift of your precedent-shattering request but feels unqualified to make a decision. He calls the manager.

The manager, his hands on his head, wrestles with the problem for a few minutes, eventually coming up with the solution: "You divide check." This judgment, worthy of Solomon, causes noticeable squirming among the light eaters. The result is an impromptu session with Egyptian mathematics, during which pounds, piastres, and milliemes are laboriously added, divided, and subtracted.

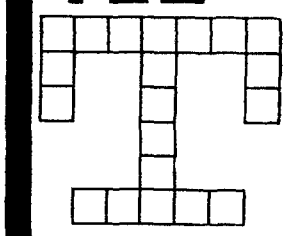
To make matters worse, this state of affairs sometimes happens to total strangers. Recently an American soldier, new to Cairo, went into a restaurant and was given a seat at a table with one of the many Egyptians he'd never seen before in his life. The G.I. went through his meal in silence, finished, and asked for his check. Scattered up and down the rather lengthy bill he found items which the Egyptian had ordered. The waiter had put both of their orders on the same check. It took the soldier 15 minutes to separate his meal from that of his unknown dinner partner.

An American major got so miffed at this custom that he left a hotel without paying his bill, telling the clerk that he'd "pay the damned thing when they got it straightened out." He'd gone into the hotel during a busy weekend and had to share a room with a stranger. The stranger went in for the European plan in a big way, charging large volumes of food and drink to his weekly bill. The major, on the other hand, took only the room, eating his meals away from the hotel. When he checked out he was presented with the entire bill for the week and the suggestion that splitting it would be the simplest solution.

It wasn't.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

TEE-TOTAL



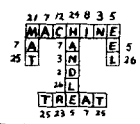
LETTER VALUES

A	7	N	3
B	13	O	9
C	12	P	14
D	2	Q	20
E	5	R	23
F	22	S	1
G	4	T	25
H	24	U	10
I	8	V	6
J	16	W	17
K	15	X	18
L	26	Y	11
M	21	Z	19

Here is how the Game of Teetotal is played: Each letter of the alphabet has been given an arbitrary value. You are to fill the diagram with words. But try to use the highest value letters as often as possible because the object of the game is to see who can make the highest score. Your score is determined by adding together the separate values of all the 20 letters in your solution.

For example, in the following sample solution (which you should be able to beat easily) we have attained a score of 226. SEND IN YOURS. Highest score will be published with name of sender.

(Solution on page 23.)



TOTAL SCORE

.....

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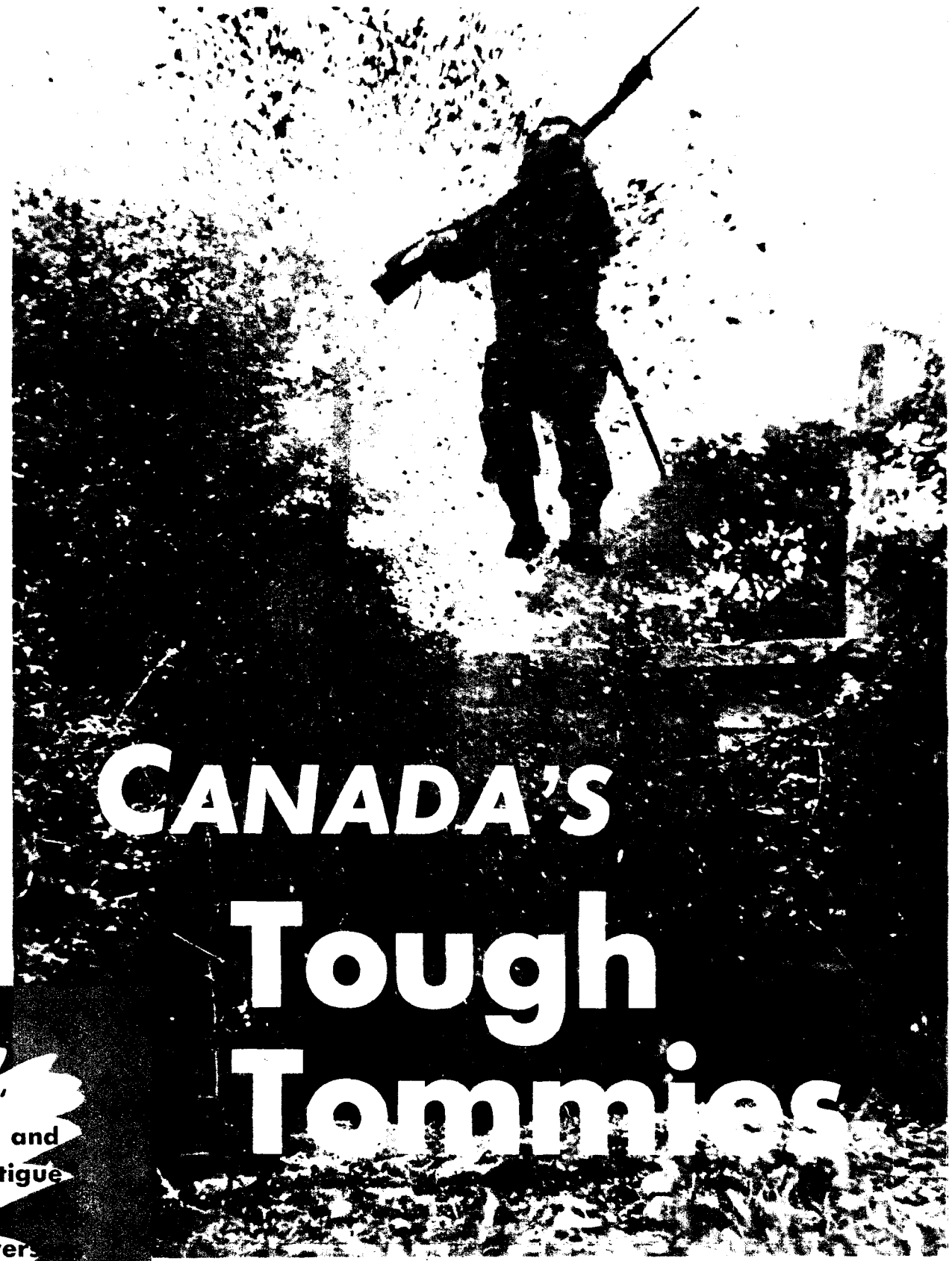
CANADA'S Tough Tommies



Canadian soldier gets a blast of mud in the eyes as he hurdles a high jump.

By SGT. ROBERT NEVILLE
YANK Field Correspondent

LONDON—The Canadian soldier may well be described as a cross between the Yank and the Tommy, but he has an individuality all his own. He also has the distinction of being probably the world's most efficient griper, which military authorities will admit as a sign of healthy troops and tough fighters.

The Canadian Tommy—no one has yet thought up another name for him—does a lot of things Americans might find peculiar. He swings his arm waist high when he marches, making himself highly conspicuous when out of step, and when he comes to attention he lifts his foot high and stamps the ground hard. He salutes with palm facing out. He is allowed to go around camp with his hat off, in which case the salute becomes eyes right.

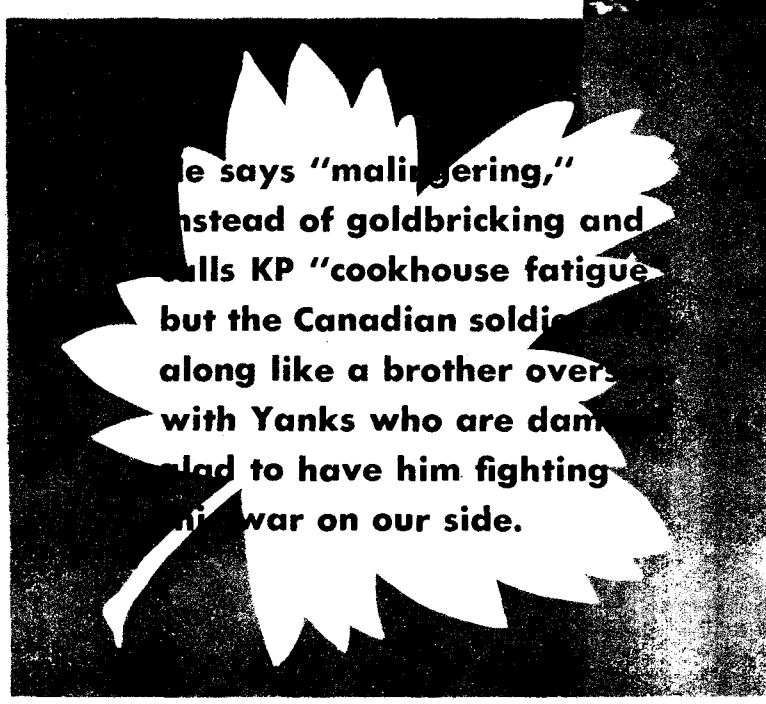
Even his orders would baffle a Yank. The command to bring arms to the shoulder, and the left shoulder at that, is "slope arms." Forward march is "by the right quick—march." Column left is "left wheel" and the command to march to the rear—"about turn"—is only matched by the American buck sergeant's "left flank—do it!"

But three main points stand out in this examination of the gentlemen from up above. 1) Most of the griping done by Canadian soldiers is to the effect that they get too much training and too little fighting. 2) Despite the peculiarities of custom the Canadian and the American get along practically like brothers wherever they are. 3) The Canadian has proved himself in this war and the last one as one of the bravest, most capable fighters.

His Own Way of Saying and Doing

The Canadian private gets $1.30 a day Canadian, with 65 cents of this banked for him when he goes overseas. A lance corporal (Pfc.) gets $1.50, a corporal $1.70 and a sergeant $2.20. Every regiment has its own tailor and barber. Haircuts are free, but failure to tip will usually result in a G.I. crop the next time.

Instead of making up his bed every morning, the Canadian unmakes it, piling his blankets neatly at the head of the cot. "Cookhouse fatigue" is a fancy name for KP, although the pots are just as dirty. Goldbricking becomes "malingering." Chow is "grub" and being "put on a peg" means that you're up for punishment.



In discussing equipment, Canadians talk somewhat like a field manual and put adjectives after nouns. Thus: anklets web, shovels general service, buttons, brass, cap field service and gloves woolen. This goes on even in casual conversation, producing early symptoms of insanity in people not used to it. The mess officer is also the messing officer, which may be no more than poetic justice.

Confinement to barracks is the usual punishment for any mild screwing up and can be given up to 14 days. Field punishment is worse and often results in being sent to the "glass house" instead of the guardhouse. Here everything, including dressing and shaving, is done on the double. Noncoms in the Canadian Army can be severely reprimanded, but not otherwise punished without a court martial. There are no statistics available on the number or frequency of Canadian court martials.

Drunks are merely fined, but good. The first binge brings a warning, the second a fine of three bucks, the third a fine of $5. Any public spectacles after that cost a neat $7.50 per spectacle. The company commander is called the OC and the battalion commander the CO, just to make things more difficult.

The first Canadian troops arrived here in Britain in December, 1939, and now comprise a full Army. Only a brigade ever got to France. Although Royal Canadian Air Force men took part in the Battle of Britain and no less than 1,000 Canadian airmen were in the huge RAF raid over Cologne last Summer, the first big Canadian show, as such, came at Dieppe.

Streamlined Technique for War

The lessons learned at Dieppe last August were still being studied and discussed when this YANK correspondent arrived in England on a tour of a sector settled by the Canadian Army in Britain. Most drastic change in training methods was the adoption of what the Canadians now call "battle drill." This is a theory of training built on the principle that modern war is too fast for ordinary slow reconnaissance and subsequent weighty deliberation; the widest latitude must be given to junior commanders to meet each individual situation with ideas geared to its particular needs, rather than to preconceived book tactics. This is a theory already expounded by our own General Marshall in his speech to the first OCS graduation class more than a year ago, when he emphasized that this war is being fought by platoons and must be largely led by platoon leaders.

The framework for this new idea consists of

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Learning how to climb during assault training.

reducing the fundamental moves of war—pincer and encircling movements—to a drill. It is taught to be used only in offensive action. This eliminates the necessity of giving or writing elaborate instructions. One word—for example, "pincer"—is enough to carry out movements that formerly took a lot of wordy directions. At a single command every man in a section knows what to do, and does it with no further order.

Canadian soldiers call this a streamlined technique for the new kind of war. They use it all the time, even in running obstacle and assault courses. Noncoms are so trained that the last corporal could take over with full understanding of what was to be done if the officers were killed.

Assault Course a Weekly Must

Every Canadian soldier, whether clerk or fighter, must go through an assault course at least once a week. I picked one of the courses at random and watched a platoon go through section by section on one of those damp, gloomy mornings that only England can produce. The course started on a beach and was obviously planned to simulate conditions that could be found in a landing on France.

First there were rows upon rows of barbed wire and trip wire, followed closely by an obstacle that had to be negotiated hand over hand. Then there was a deep inlet 50 feet across which the men had to swim, carrying packs and rifles or Bren guns. Still wet, they then had to climb a 20-foot ramp.

By this time the course was just starting to get interesting. In quick succession came more barbed wire, a row of bayonet dummies, a series of brick and stone walls to scale and finally a deep, muddy marsh to wade. And all the while grenades were popping all around and Bren guns and mortars scattering live ammunition.

This course, I was later informed by an apologetic officer, was really of only average toughness. They had others in which the live ammunition missed by inches instead of feet.

All this training has made the overseas Canadian Army practically a model collection of red-blooded young men. A 25-year-old major explained how constant depriving the body of peacetime comforts was a necessary part of the new training.

"If the men get used to too much food or too soft beds or too much sleep or too mild exercise," he said, "they won't be able to stand the shock of having to go without them."

The major himself practiced what he preached. He allowed no heat in his room, ate sparingly and did a half-hour double time each morning before he and his men went to work. Officers of the Canadian Army are noticeably younger than in our Army or the British Army.

British Ways Puzzle Him, Too

In his spare time the Canadian Tommy has had to make the same adjustments to British custom and climate that we've had to make. British accents are just as foreign to him and British money just as complicated. He accepts warm ale with better grace than we do, but still prefers Coca-Cola. He belongs to such outfits as the Grenadier Guards, the Cameroon Highlanders, the Queen's Own Rifles, the Essex Scottish, the Seaforth Highlanders and the Black Watch, all of which took their names from mother regiments in England; but he still prefers Canadian cigarettes.

The Canadian takes great pride in the fact that his country produces every piece of equipment used by his Army, with the lone exception of airplane engines. She has mobilized a good half-million men, corresponding to 6,000,000 in the U. S. She has even produced a surplus of equipment and shipped it to far-flung Allied fronts.

The Canadian soldier in England gets one day off a week, plus 48 hours once a month, plus a week off every three months. He can wear civilian clothes while on leave. He can get hitched if he is free from venereal disease, gets his OC's permission two months before the event and has at least $200 tucked away.

Sure, he's homesick. Sure, he gripes. Certainly he'd like to wear a tie with his uniform, like the Yank enlisted man. But meanwhile he knows there's a war going on. The Canadian soldier has heard bombs and seen planes and had his pals go off to Dieppe and not return. He's felt this war and wants to finish it and go home.

He'll do it, too.

Over the top and down for these human flies.

Old sacking makes effective camouflage.

Swimming with equipment makes tough soldiers. Guide rope keeps them on direction.

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NEWS FROM HOME

Vocal Blackout Hides Marines' Words in Film

HOLLYWOOD—The Will Hays film censoring office has ordered the words "hell," "damn" and "bastard" cut from a new *March of Time* picture titled "We Are the Marines."

So now when the Marine commander, played by Col. William T. Clement, a real Marine who fought at Bataan and Corregidor, tells his batteries to "blow the ——— out of the water," only by lip reading can the audience tell that he is referring to the questionable parentage of the attacking Japanese.

"What the hell was that?" cries a surprised Marine, hearing a bugle call in one scene of the film. And near the end, a battery officer reports to the colonel, "Ammunition getting damn low." Both offending words were cut from the sound track.

But the technicians who doctored the film were deaf to one swear word. They permitted another real-life Marine to say to a group of recruits at New River, S. C.:

"We're taking along only the best men, picked men who can fight like hell."

That word too will be taken out for subsequent showings. The producers are appealing the decision, arguing that nothing could be truer to historical fact than that Marines use cuss words in times of stress—or any old time.

The one at the left isn't right. Yes, SHE'S all right, but . . . What we're trying to say is that the costume worn by shipyard worker Dorothy Dahl in Chicago is not considered the correct thing by committee on health and safety representing the Navy and Maritime Commission. The attire of Michele Magnin (right) is given the okay.

Farm Bureau Optimistic Over Agricultural Future

CHICAGO—Optimism over the future of American agriculture was prevalent at the annual convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation, which has a membership of 591,000 farm families.

"Our new food goals are an excellent piece of work," said Dr. T. W. Schultze, head of the Department of Economics and Sociology at Iowa State College, "and agricultural prices, high and secure, generally are in good shape. The farmers' job will be to maintain high levels of production reached this year."

P. K. Norris, marketing specialist for the Department of Agriculture, said that cotton consumption was at record levels and there was plenty of it. The Axis countries have little or none, he added.

Stressing the manpower problem, Edward A. O'Neal, president of the Federation, recommended that the basic work week in the U. S. be stepped up from 40 to 54 hours a week for the duration of the war.

Long Trip For Nothing

LOS ANGELES — Eddie Koslowicz decided to go home and enlist when he was working on a South American construction project. He hiked over jungle trails to a river, flew to Covencion, Colombia, then to Panama, Mexico City, and finally Los Angeles. He got home just in time to find that all voluntary enlistments had been halted by the new Manpower Commission rules.

People Back Home —

ARIZONA

Secy. of State Harry M. Moore died following an appendicitis operation. Asst. Secy. of State Dan E. Garvey of Tucson was named successor. Phoenix High beat Phoenix Union, 27-6 for the city grid title. Globe beat Miami, 6-0, and Bisbee walloped Douglas, 13-6 in other annual "rival" games. Miners who fail to show up for work after weekend sprees are dubbed "workers in the Jap stope." John Hicks, who escaped from the state prison, was captured in Phoenix. His mother is suing the Phoenix chief of police for $10,000 alleging that she was falsely imprisoned when he was captured. Natural-gas bills in Phoenix, Tempe, Chandler and Glendale were ordered reduced $300,000 annually by the Arizona Corporation Commission.

CALIFORNIA

At Los Angeles, 25 women have applied for membership in the CIO longshoremen's union. Fire wiped out Mount Whitney Lumber Company's mill near Porterville. El Monte sent in its 500th Naval recruit, football player Jesse Parson. Los Angeles now has women photographers covering court beats, and Southern California street railway lines have girl conductors. Barrooms were ordered to close on New Year's Eve at midnight instead of 2 a. m., as previously. San Franciscans cite instances where the more daring of them have clung to the rear fenders of street cars during peak hours, after gas rationing stepped up the passenger load to 1,000,000. Stanley W. Taylor ordered 50 tenants to vacate his apartment house at 530 Larkin Street, San Francisco, after his controversy with the government over rent violation of OPA rules. Taylor has been cited for contempt of court.

GEORGIA

At Atlanta, Chief Justice Charles S. Reid, of the Georgia Supreme Court, was slightly injured when fire caused $35,000 damage at the Biltmore Hotel. Chief J. T. Dailey, of DeKalb County police, was indicted by a Federal grand jury on a charge of violating tire-rationing regulations. Gov. Talmadge ordered all state departments to pay their bills by Dec. 31. Billy Evans was elected president of the Southern Association, succeeding Maj. Trammell Scott. R. F. Thompson was elected mayor of Rochelle, and O. C. Holt, Norman Draper and Cecil D. Crummey were elected councilmen for two-year terms. Elizabeth Whitfield, of Jackson County, won a national 4-H club dress-revue contest in Chicago. Gov.-elect Arnall said he will name Marion Smith chairman of the State Board of Regents. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools told Arnall that Georgia credits will not be restored until the legislature enacts Arnall's plan to restore independence to Georgia colleges. Georgia Power Company was asked by the federal government to eliminate its short-haul "shoppers' busses" in Atlanta.

ILLINOIS

Forty-five cars, which formerly ran on New York's Sixth Avenue elevated before it was dismantled, have been shipped to Southern Illinois to haul workers to defense plants.

INDIANA

At the Chicago Market Fat Stock Show, Purdue U. won all seven First prizes. Supreme Court ruled the 1941 "barber price law" unconstitutional. Adelaide Pelley of Noblesville, daughter of Silver Shirter William Dudley Pelley, was charged with conspiracy to harbor a fugitive charged with sedition.

IOWA

The government ban on school busses for transportation of teams and fans has put a crimp in inter-city basketball. Elliott Ozbun, 70, of Waukee, husked 2,351 bushels of corn this Fall, averaging 104 bushels a day. Leo P. Duer, 18, of Charlotte, won the championship for junior Shorthorns with his 1,075-pound entry at the Chicago market fat stock show. Joseph W. Meeker, 19, of Letts, won the reserve title for Herefords. Iowa State College swept the field in the fat Duroc-Jersey class. At Des Moines, Alphonse (Babe Carnera) Bisignano is under technical arrest for failure to pay the $2 a gallon floor-stock tax on 96 cases of liquor seized at his night spot. The Federal Government sold 2,296 retail liquor-dealer stamps in Iowa last year, an increase of 146, although the sale of liquor is illegal except at Iowa's 177 liquor stores. At Sioux City, John S. Sears was elected president of the Sioux City Bar Association; Franklin Gill, secretary; Edward L. Moran, treasurer. Cafes and restaurants in Sioux City are planning to serve half portions of meat at reduced prices. Tillman Hatcher, who celebrated his 80th birthday, still is actively barbering after serving 56 years with the shears and clippers.

KENTUCKY

Sons of Louisville will have something to brag about—the "greater Louisville" area now has population of 498,000, according to U. S. census reports, but it includes two counties—Clark and Floyd—in Indiana. Ashland and Pike County are suffering from an acute shortage of school teachers with 100 now in the armed services and war work. Full operation of the new $1,000,000 Lexington-Fayette County airport on Versailles Pike won't begin until Summer because of lack of an administration building. Paducah's board of commissioners refused to oust City Manager James P. Smith after an insurance agent, J. P. Wilson, charged Smith rented property to an alleged gaming operator. Hopkinsville is trying to annex territory south of the city but objections have been raised. Fulton's service clubs, Lions and Rotary, may have joint luncheon meetings because each has lost so many members to the war effort.

LOUISIANA

At New Orleans Archbishop Rummel attacked what he termed an immoral trend in movies, stage productions and magazines. The letter may have some effect on the Vieux Carre's night clubs, already toned down by a curfew for servicemen and orders for more clothes on the girls. William H. McFadden's 42-room residence in New Orleans' city park was purchased by the city for $40,000. Farmers of the Hammond area are worried about the shortage of plants for the new strawberry crop. New Orleans city authorities announced that incidence of typhus fever has been reduced 40 per cent by the anti-rat campaign.

MISSOURI

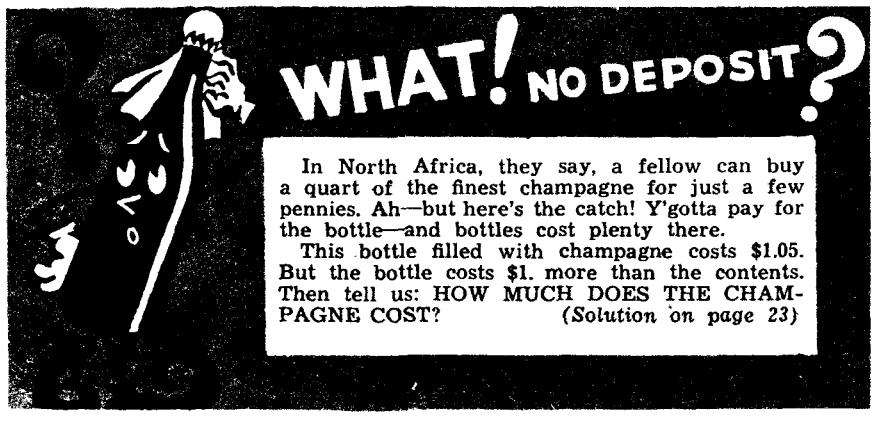
Buildings of old Kidder Junior College, in North Central Missouri, are to be sold at auction. Judge Harry Russell of St. Louis failed to get Acting Circuit Attorney Henry Morris indicted on a charge of neglect of duty. Rationing of Missouri teachers was proposed to State Teachers' Association, at Kansas City, by President Lamkin of Maryville Teachers' College.

MONTANA

Troy Evans, Butte amateur boxing instructor, joined his son, Jay Evans, in the Navy. Nicholas Stephanick, ex-Butte miner and now a whistler of note, was refused a "C" gas card to enable him to drive his car back East. Copper workers at Anaconda, Great Falls and East Helena are 100 per cent signed for the pay-roll War Bond allotment plan. At Wisdom, Ray Willey, postmaster for 18 years, resigned. At Hamilton, two homes built in the 1890s in the Darby section were destroyed by fire. They were constructed by Aaron Connor, an early-day legislator, and by J. D. Vance.

NEW ENGLAND

Boston awaited action of the Suffolk County Grand Jury called to investigate the Cocoanut Grove fire, which took 487 lives. Leominster School Committee voted the teachers and janitors a 15 per cent raise. Gloucester fishermen and wholesalers are jubilant. A legislative committee has reported that the shipment of fresh fish on Sunday is



In North Africa, they say, a fellow can buy a quart of the finest champagne for just a few pennies. Ah—but here's the catch! Y'gotta pay for the bottle—and bottles cost plenty there.

This bottle filled with champagne costs $1.05. But the bottle costs $1. more than the contents. Then tell us: HOW MUCH DOES THE CHAMPAGNE COST? (Solution on page 23)

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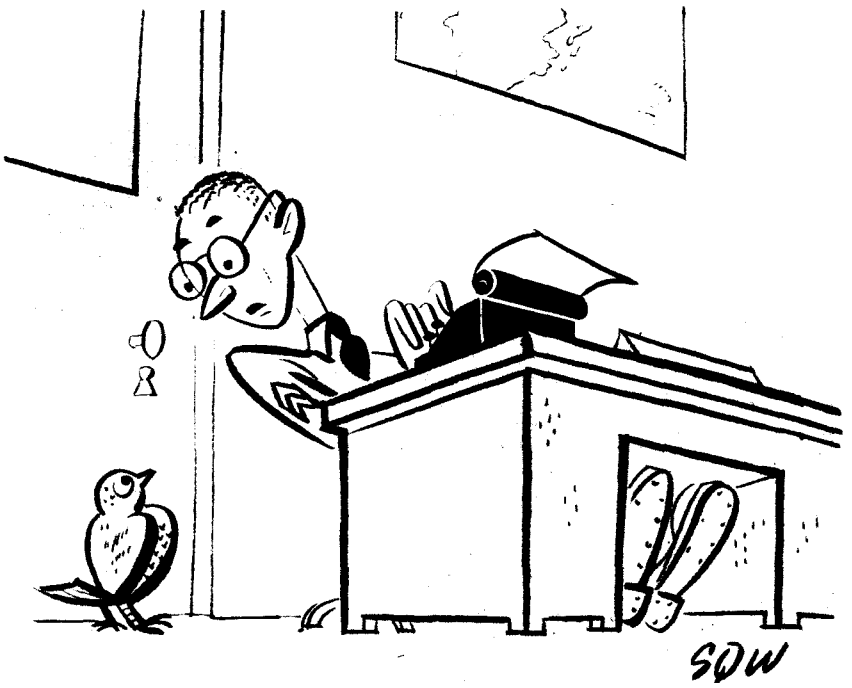

"He's not in now. Do you want to leave a message?"

It's A Small World

ALLENTOWN, PA. — The day after Pearl Harbor five Allentown men enlisted in the Marines. They had been buddies since grammar school, played football together and graduated from high school in 1939. All five—Robert Rodgers, William Kochner, Ronney Hartzell, Eugene Connaghan and Dean Herzog—were sent to Parris Island for training.

Then Herzog and Connaghan were sent overseas and landed in Guadalcanal in July. In November they were watching a transport unload, when up the beach, side by side, trudged Rodgers, Kochner and Hartzell.

Skimming the Week at Home

Maj.-Gen. Fulgencio Batista, President of Cuba, visited Washington, and was received with high honors. . . . In his first press conference as manpower head, **Paul V. McNutt** said the total population is to be considered a pool of manpower from which allocations will be made to the armed services, war industries, civilian industries, and agriculture. . . . 25 vessels were launched on the week end a year after Pearl Harbor.

Man days of idleness due to strikes have fallen to a 15-year low, according to the OWI. . . . **Mrs. Roosevelt,** asked to admit a male to her all-female newspaper conferences, gave an emphatic "No." . . . A navigator's flying helmet stamped "Made by Hoffman, Berlin," caused a lot of excitement when found in Nova Scotia. Then someone remembered Berlin, N. H.

In Teaneck, N. J., the Board of Education promises a vacation to any teacher who marries a person in the uniform of the armed services. . . . Price reductions and cash refunds totaling $829,332,800 have resulted from re-negotiations of War Department contracts in the last seven months. . . .

After the longest continuous session in history (at least 1,075 days), the 77th Congress prepared to adjourn. . . . **Lt. Gen. Hugh A. Drum,** commanding general of the Eastern Defense Command, said that, though no one has yet been excluded from the East Coast because of his anti-war activities or views, he was prepared to send inland any individuals considered "dangerous."

The War Manpower Commission froze some 660,000 Detroit war workers in their jobs. . . . The United Mine Workers got ready to go on a sixday week. In 1943 they will mine 600 million tons of bituminous coal. Highest figure in the first World War was 579 million tons in 1918.

More than 100 persons, including an undetermined number of American servicemen, were killed by fire and panic at St. John's, Newfoundland, when Christmas decorations in a wooden Knights of Columbus Hostel caught fire during a barn dance.

essential. In Northampton, the SPARs, Coast Guard gals, will soon arrive for a course of training similar to that given the WAVES at Smith College. Mayor John W. McIntyre of Attleboro has been elected for a third term. At Springfield College, Springfield, 400 students pledged themselves to contribute blood to the Red Cross. In Vermont, deer hunters have had their best season in years, with 3,406 of the animals killed. It's reported that Gov. Sewall of Maine will seek a third term. The Auburn (Maine) snow-cleaning crew has become so small that only the main stems can be cleared, city officials say. Two Sanford (Maine) brothers, Alva W. Jr. and Robert H. McDougall, were named by Senator White to the Naval Academy, Alva as principal and Robert as alternate. Fifteen sailors were lost when a liberty ship foundered in a Newport harbor in the worst Rhode Island weather since 1938. Fifty families were evacuated from the Warwick shore areas. Damage was surprisingly light. WCTU members in Woonsocket deplore the dimout: reason, it's harder than ever to see who's in a saloon. The mayor of Newport asked deferment for the dwindling police-fire forces. At New Haven, Conn., William Rosen has for three months donated 40 hours a week to Grace Hospital as an orderly in addition to running his business. This week he added another 12 hours for New Haven Hospital. Gov. Hurley and Dowe will fight it out for the Democratic State Chairmanship to succeed John McCarthy. Work has been resumed on the big New London (Conn.) bridge, once halted by WPB.

NEW YORK

There'll be no Christmas tree in Buffalo's Lafayette Square this year because of the ban on outdoor lighting displays. Eighteen Catholic priests in Western New York were made monsignors, U. S. Attorney George Grobe submitted a history of the German-American Bund's Buffalo unit to the Federal grand jury. A two-day milk strike at Dunkirk and Fredonia ended when producers were promised $3 per pound of 3.5 butterfat milk, an increase of 40 cents. A former Peace Bridge official, Lewis Douglas, 63, was fined $2,000 and given a 30-month suspended sentence for smuggling aliens across the bridge into the U. S. New president of the Little Mayors of Buffalo and Erie County is Fred Koester.

OHIO

Cleveland—The mortgage on St. Sava's Serbian Orthodox Church, on E. 36th Street, was burned in a celebration. David Balint, president of the Ferro Machine and Foundry Co. CIO local, was charged by a Federal grand jury with falsely saying on a citizenship application that he had never been arrested. Hubert Clayberger drove down town, found that the door of his car had frozen tight, and was imprisoned until a parking lot attendant released him. Tom M. Girdler married his fourth wife, Helen Brennan, 36, who was formerly a secretary. Sugar Robinson scored a k.o. over Izzy Jannazzo. Lincoln defeated Collinwood, 26-0, in football. The Rams lost their last game to the Chicago Bears. Cincinnati—Fire Marshal Louis Schraffenberger was named city safety director to succeed Harry Wernke. The Reds obtained Shortstop Eddie Miller from the Boston Braves for Eddie Joost, infielder; Nate Andrews, pitcher, and cash.

OKLAHOMA

Liquor drinkers in legally dry Oklahoma laid in reserve stocks before gas rationing started. Bourbon is quoted at $5 a pint on Oklahoma's bootleg markets.

OREGON

At Portland, Franklin High School and the Portland All-Stars tied 0 to 0 in Multnomah Stadium's annual milk-bowl football game. The Navy announced that Timberline Lodge will not be used as a convalescent home for naval officers. Gas rationing and difficulty of keeping the road to the lodge open, however, combined to dash skiers' hopes for a good season. Mervyn Shea, Detroit sportsman, was appointed manager of the Portland Beavers, and the purchase of seven new ball players rallied hopes that the club may be out of the cellar by next Christmas.

PENNSYLVANIA

At the Philadelphia Broad St. Suburban Station, tickets are now fed from pari-mutuel machines, and are the same kind you'd get for plunking down $2 on the nose.

Virginia Rodell, unscheduled passenger.

Mrs. Virginia Rodell boarded a troop train at New York, told an officer who discovered her lunching with a group of enlisted men in the dining car's kitchen at Philadelphia that she got on because she wants to join the WAAC's and needed a bit of first-hand information about Army life. The captain turned her over to the FBI, who later disclosed that she is the wife of Pvt. William Rodell, stationed at Governor's Island, New York, and has an 11-months'-old baby.

SOUTH CAROLINA

At Orangeburg, three infant daughters of Erie Garrick were burned to death when fire destroyed their home. At Columbus, Gov. Jefferies and Gov.-elect Johnston were initiated as Elks. At Orangeburg, 5,000 people, including Senators Smith, Maybank and Bankhead, attended a Farming-for-Victory celebration. Providence, Holly Hill, St. George and Eutawville were in darkness for three hours after an auto hit a light pole.

WASHINGTON

Dr. Frederick M. Padelford, dean of the U. of Washington graduate school and English professor for 41 years, died. A bear trap the Bainbridge Island "Commandos" put out last week netted only one tom cat and two skunks. At Seattle, 40 men riding a 30-foot launch used as a ferry for Puget Sound Navy Yard workers were ducked when the launch burned. Charles B. Reed, former treasurer of the Democratic state committee, who recently resigned as assistant secretary of state, was charged with grand larceny. Yakima's Hotel Commercial has put girls on in place of bellboys. The wife of Dr. George L. Grapp, Seattle dentist, was killed when an earth slide wrecked their Capitol Hill home.

CAMOUFLAGE

An important piece of military equipment is camouflaged so that it lies hidden in a sentence. Example: the word GUN is concealed in the following sentence: "The boys were wearing uniforms." ——— Can you penetrate the camouflage in the 10 sentences below and point out where 10 military devices lie concealed?

1. At the beauty pageant, they gave a prize to the girl with the neatest ankles.
2. Our P-38 is absolutely fearless; show it Zeros no matter how thickly clustered, and it leaps into action.
3. "Will you have a towel and a comb?" "Ay, one thing at a time, though."
4. Out in the field, pie certainly tastes good!
5. There's a rumor target practice will be resumed.
6. She whispers "Hello" every time I pass.
7. Do you measure distance hiked by size of blister on foot, or pedometer reading?
8. Whether addressed to Constantinople or Istanbul, letters arrive at the same city.
9. We have the facts, now we must plan each step accordingly.
10. The great opera tenor Gigli derived his tonal quality through constant practice.

(Solution on page 23)

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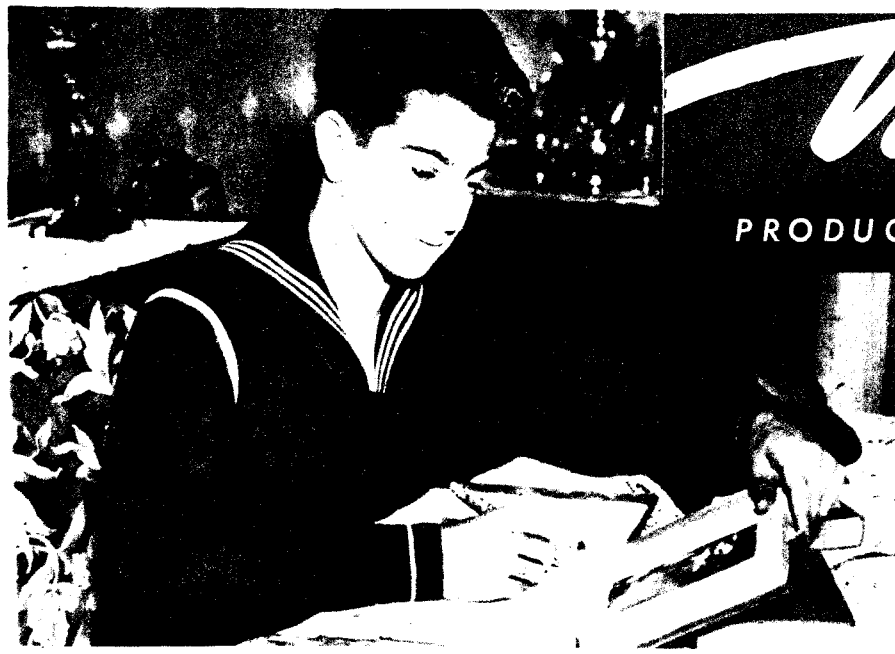
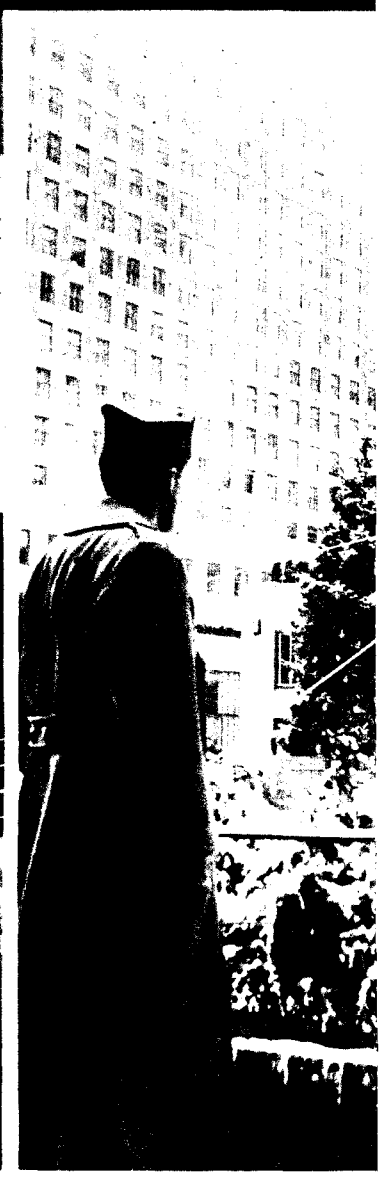
GIFT. All wrapped up and ready to give herself away is actress Leslie Brooks, called No. 1 Present by Fort MacArthur Alert.



NAVY VET. Norman Saul enlisted at 13 (he's 14 now), promoted to second class seaman, was discharged when Navy saw his birth certificate.

MARINE VET. Pvt. Holle, 12, gets honorable discharge. Age will out.



CHRISTMAS
for the season, wh

SHOPPING. For the girl back home, Yanks in Australia buy opals.

RECEIVING. Yanks in APO in Australia sort gifts from home.

SERVICE. With the air of a duke, a G.I. strolls out of a joint with a fashionable name in India. Native workers help the Yanks.

WINTER PLAY. The water's fine in December at Venice, Calif., where Janet Mantell and Mary Donovan toss the ball around.

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Show

AS OF THE WORLD

It comes to New York, and two G.I.s a look at the big trees, decorated nd in Radio City, near the skating rink.

FIGHTER. This guy is out to get his man! He's a New Zealand machine gunner, in the British Army, pictured blasting away at a Nazi plane.

SUBSTITUTE. In case all Santa Clauses are in Army, Jeff Donnell will do job.

SGT. SANTA. He's H. M. Phinney, 304 pounds, Gowen Field, Idaho.

AFRICAN CHOW. These Yanks in North Africa cook a quick lunch before moving out. Soldier at left keeps watch while chow heats in canteen cup.

JAP RIFLE. This Jap infantry rifle, M1905, 6.5 mm, was captured in the Solomons.

JAP SIDEARMS. Other captured weapons: above, a Mauser type automatic, with clip for 8 bullets; below, Smith and Wesson type revolver; left, holster.

POP. Lt. James Gray's daughter has to see him decorated at Pensacola, Fla.

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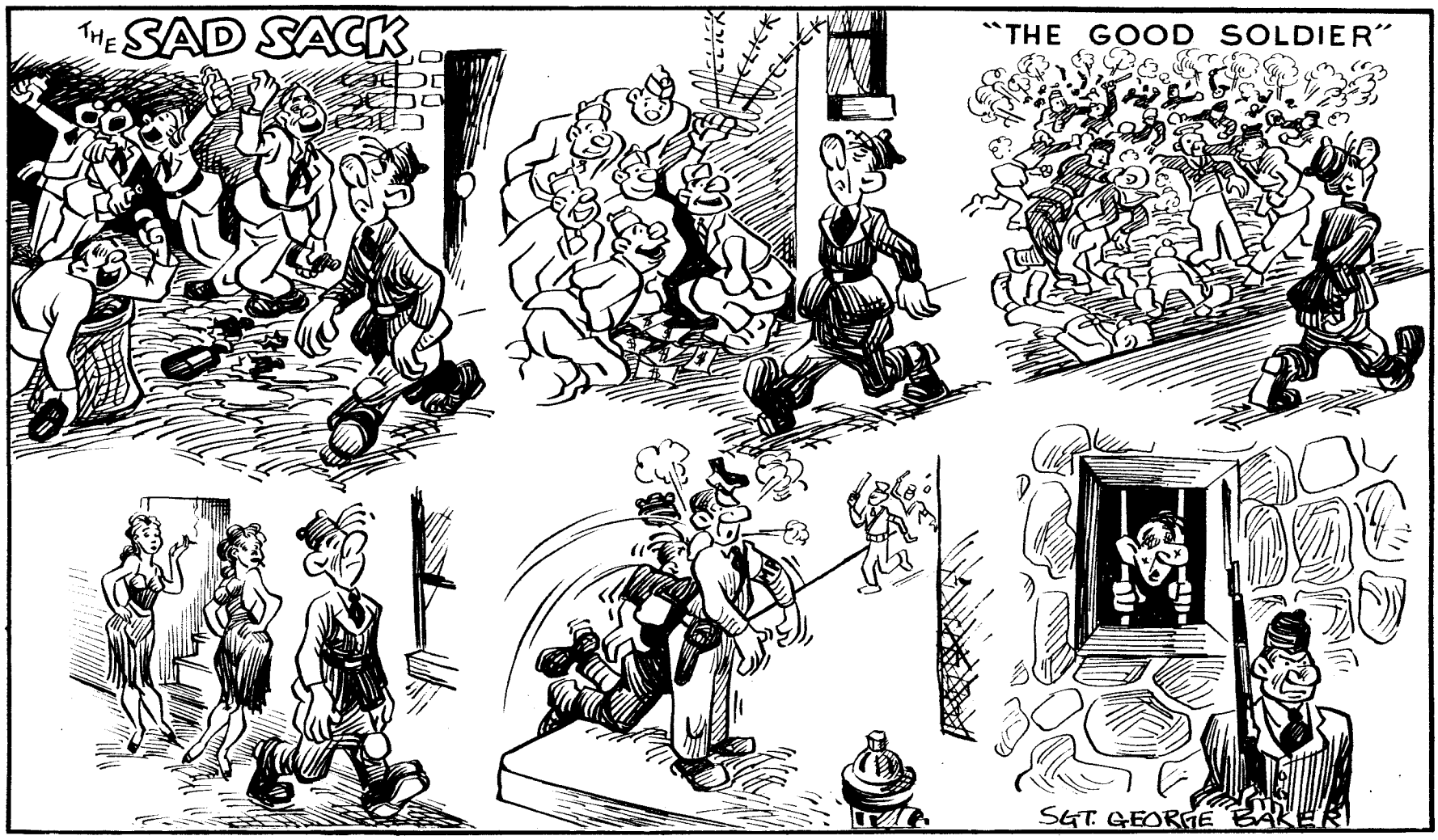


BETWEEN the LINES

The Romance of Joe Dough and Clementine Borsch

SOMEWHERE ON THE ALCAN HIGHWAY—Joe Dough (that's really his name) walked down Main Street (the only street in town) and entered a place where they sell liquor over the bar. The room was dimly lit. A bartender with his sleeves rolled up, wearing a red sweater and a heavy beard, said, "What'll it be, pardner?" "Make it whiskey straight," said Joe. (Wait until the WCTU hears about this.) Joe gulped down the golden liquid. "That will be five bucks," said the bartender. Joe unrolled a crisp five-dollar bill, fastened together with Scotch tape, and tossed it to the bartender.

"How long have you been up here, pardner?" asked the bartender.

"Six months," said Joe. "I'm just a rookie."

The bartender grinned between his teeth. He said, "I've been up here a year."

Joe looked around the room, hoping to see a familiar face. Hundreds of soldiers, and all strangers to him. It was tough to be in [censored] thousands of miles from home.

A young woman was sitting alone in one of the booths. She looked at Joe and smiled, revealing beautiful upper and lower teeth. Maybe she knew him or maybe he knew her.

He ran over to where she was sitting. "Hello," she said in a beautiful bass voice. "Hello," said Joe. "Would you care to sit down?" she cried. "I don't care if I do," said Joe, his heart beating wildly. He sat down.

"What's your name?" she whispered.

"Joe Dough," he cried.

"What's your name?" Joe asked.

"Clementine Borsch," she said. "My mother is American and my father Russian."

Joe looked at Clementine. Clementine looked at Joe.

Joe was tall and lanky, six feet tall in his stocking feet, but he had shoes on.

Clementine had long black tresses, deep brown eyes and a generous mouth.

"What nationality are you?" she said.

"I'm part Scotch and part ginger ale," said Joe.

He laughed at his own wit. Clementine looked confused, then began to laugh. She laughed for five minutes. He thought she was never going to stop.

Clementine looked soulfully at him and whispered, "Tell me all about yourself."

Joe knew happiness for the first time in more than a year.

"There isn't much to tell," he said. "I joined the Army and here I am."

"What part of the U. S. are you from?" said Clementine.

"Texas," said Joe. "I used to be a cow puncher."

"How thrilling," said Clementine. "Did you punch very many?"

"Not unless I had to," said Joe.

The radio started playing.

"How do you like 'Queenie, the Beauty of the Burlesque Show'?" she said.

"I don't know. I never met her," Joe said.

This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Joe and Clementine met once a week in Sourdough Pete's place. They went walking in the moonlight. (Joe tried to get a pass oftener but he was mighty busy on the garbage detail.) Time moved on. Joe met Clementine's family. They liked him. He liked them. Joe and Clementine discovered they were in love.

Then Joe's outfit moved out and so did Joe. Clementine wept bitterly.

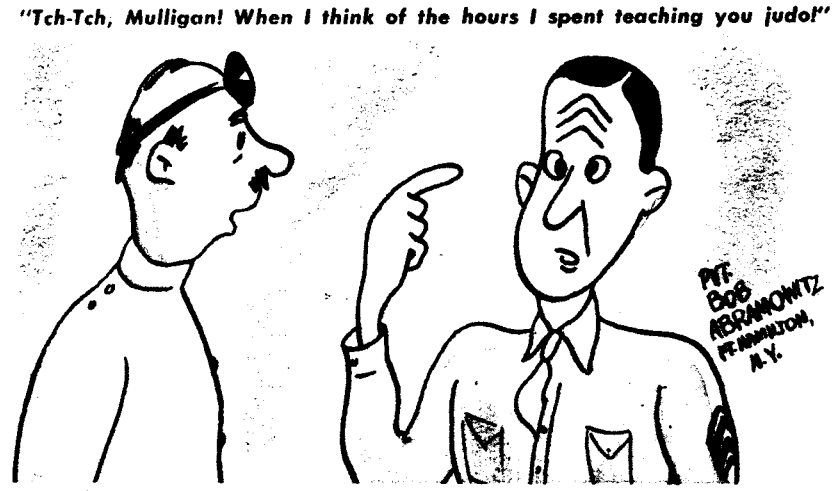
Will Joe and Clementine be together again?

Not if I have anything to say about it.

PVT. DONALD SEELY, ENGR.
ALCAN HIGHWAY

PVT. MULLIGAN by Cpl. Larry Reynolds

"Tch-Tch, Mulligan! When I think of the hours I spent teaching you judo!"



"All I know is, they began developing when I became a sergeant."

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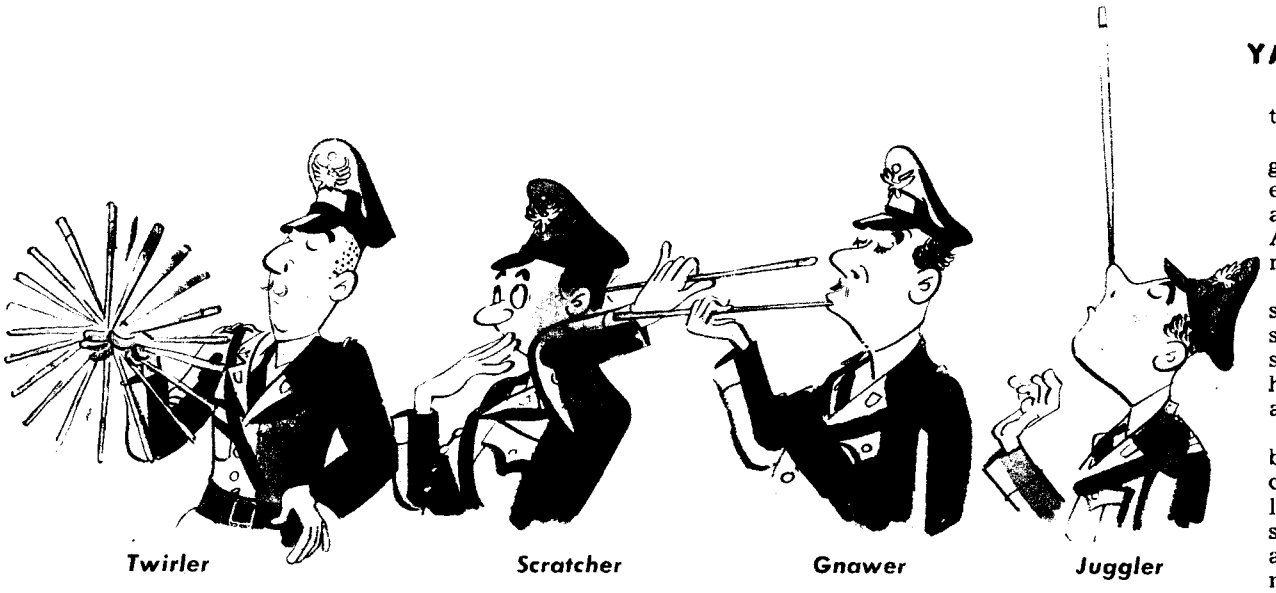


A PLEA FOR The Swagger Stick

From Cpl. Marion Hargrove with Pictures by Sgt. Ralph Stein

THE swagger stick, a military weapon which has seen combat in some of the most exclusive cocktail lounges in six continents, is not a new thing.

It traces its origin to the armies of Ahenobarbus, chief of staff of the late great Mark Antony. Ahenobarbus was a big, tough, red-bearded and red-blooded fighter and so were all the officers of his staff—all, that is, except his PRO, Col. Marcus Tempus, who held his job because he was the brother of Ahenobarbus' big, tough, red-bearded and red-blooded wife.

All of Ahenobarbus' officers except Marcus Tempus compelled attention at staff conferences by pounding suddenly on the desk with the flat of their swords, a device which made a helluva lot of racket and awoke even the provost marshal down at the end of the desk.

When Marcus Tempus demanded that he be given a sword, so that he too could pound for attention, Ahenobarbus ruled that a sword in the hand of Tempus would be dangerous—to Tempus. In order to cool off the colonel and avoid a dressing-down from Mrs. Ahenobarbus, the general gave Tempus permission to rap on the desk with the yardstick which he carried to measure newspaper clippings.

This was the first swagger stick. It has come up through the ages, enjoying a popularity that reached its height in the Regency of George IV in England, and it has been explained by its bearers as everything from a cavalryman's crop to a marshal's baton. In the American Army of today, however, it has been adopted in only two countries—England and Fort Bragg—and even there its reception has been somewhat indifferent.

This indifference is an insult to an ancient and glorious tradition; a personal affront to all holders of cellophane commissions in any modern army. It is the duty of society editors of all American Army papers to fight for the universal readoption of the boulevard rifle.

No statement can over-emphasize the indispensability of the swagger stick in the social life of some officers. Be it in an exclusive penthouse salon, in a stately home or in the lounge of a houseboat, the swagger stick lends its owner an air debonair and a manner delicately compelling.

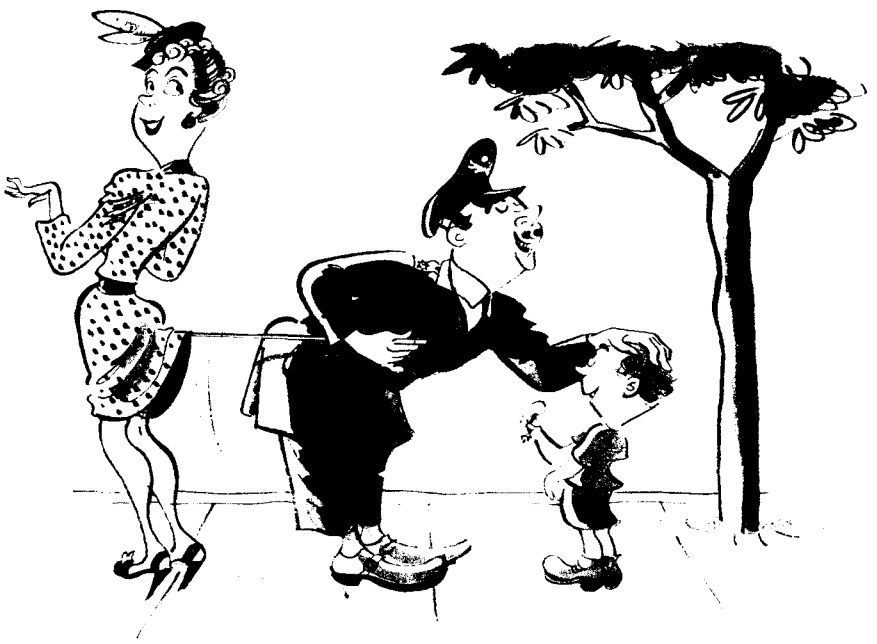
For such of these officers as find themselves brutally thrust into field or camp, nothing can compare with the swagger stick for the delicate look of efficiency it affords. Officers with thin sandy mustaches will find that when they come across dry garbage in the wet-garbage can, it is not effective enough for them merely to say, "Aha! Improper disposition of garbage!" The forceful thing to do is to rap lightly on the legend, "Wet Garbage," with the swagger stick, then point significantly to the dry garbage in the can, all the while lifting the left eyebrow quizzically—but delicately.

The timid executive officer will find that by slapping his stick briskly on his desk, or by aiming it suddenly straight at the chest of a man of his command, or by tapping rhythmically on the said chest to punctuate sentences, he can more easily impress combat lieutenants with his importance, power and dominant personality.

Innumerable officers who were previously henpecked by their wives and browbeaten by their men report that the swagger stick has placed them on a social and intellectual level with the men, even if it didn't help much at home.

The pen and sword are mighty, but the swagger stick is far more dashing and graceful! And a gold-headed one is like the command of an infantry battalion, an officer's fairest dream.

"The pen and the sword are mighty but the swagger stick is far more dashing."



"It is the duty of society editors of all American Army papers to fight for the readoption of the boulevard rifle."

"No statement can overemphasize the indispensability of the swagger stick in the social life of some officers."

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COMPANY STREET

Tropical Daze, jungle Army newspaper which began an editorial recently with "Where the hell are we?" reported a new method of getting rid of bugs: You fill your pockets with salt at dinner and early the next morning you chase down to the river and strip naked. You hide in the bushes and wait for the little fellows to come out for a drink of water. Then you grab your clothes and run like hell.

Jimmy Jordan Jr., 19-year-old son of Fibber McGee and Molly, has enlisted at the **Lemoore** (Calif.) Air Base as an aviation cadet.

Sgt. William J. Lavery of the **Nashville** (Tenn.) Army Air Center started work at 4:30 on Saturday morning, worked straight through until 4:30 Sunday morning, dragged himself to his barracks and his bunk, which he found had been short-sheeted while he was at work.

William Hassett of **Fort Benning,** Ga., hasn't worn the same set of stripes for more than a month since last June, when he was a private. He's worked his way up, month by month, until he's now a warrant officer.

Given a disability discharge, Leslie Spicer of Portland, Ore., went home, swiped his brother's uniform, hitch-hiked to New York, managed to get aboard a troopship. He was arrested a couple of hours later. He's in the brig now—but, by damn, he's overseas!

An eatery near **Fort Greely** in Alaska ran out of hot dogs and couldn't find replacements. To meet the Yank demand for them, the proprietor had to wire to Anchorage for 100 pounds to be shipped by air mail. Shipping costs were 20 cents a pound.

Wilfred Bernard Fortier, 38, of **Camp Grant,** Ill., is probably one of the highest paid buck privates in the Army. The father of 11 children, he passed up a 3-A draft rating and volunteered. His pay, counting the dependency allotments for his wife and 10 of the children, adds up to $180.

The Public Relations boys at **Camp Adair,** Ore., discovered that Webster's New International (page 33) defines an adjutant as "a large stork, six or seven feet in height . . . It feeds on animal food, largely carrion, and is protected by law in India."

James W. Webb of **Fort Sill,** Okla., gave up a $300-a-month job and $1,000 in cash to make a 26-day trip from Venezuela to the U. S. to join the Army.

Seven months after induction, Pfc. Joe Patterson of **Turner Field,** Ga., got a report on a Civil Service exam he took two years ago. He had passed the test, the letter said, and he should report immediately for work. The letter ended with: "It is your patriotic duty to serve."

An MP corporal at **Camp Funston,** Kans., came upon a funeral procession leaving a chapel. He lowered his cap and started directing traffic at the intersection until a chaplain explained to him that it was just a "dry run" for rookie sky-pilots.

Pvt. Theodore F. Ortseifer of **Fort Bliss,** Tex., has been told that he can't buy any more War Bonds by allotment of pay. When he cleared $154,000 on an inheritance last June, he put $20,000 into War Bonds and gave the remaining $134,000 to the Government as an outright gift.

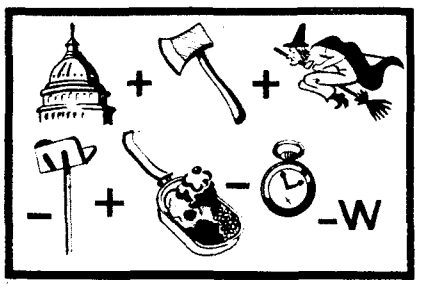
American soldiers on duty in Western Alaska petitioned the Tacoma (Wash.) USO for a shipment of goodies, specifying "salami, pumpernickel and horseradish."

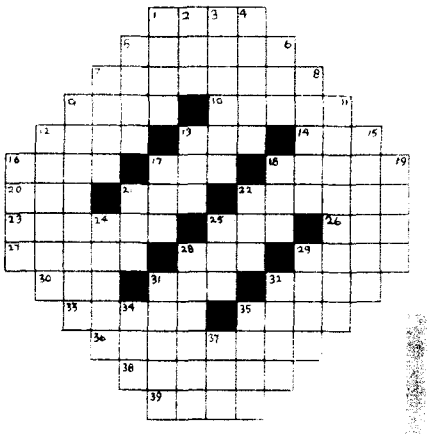
Teresa Wright

the opposite page is an actress who s new admirers daily. She starred with ry Cooper in RKO's "Pride of the Yankees."

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First solve the Picture Puzzle below. Do this by adding and subtracting the letters which spell the names of the objects shown. The result will be the name of one of our Allies. Fill this name into the Crossword Puzzle (5 across). Then proceed with the rest of the puzzle.





ACROSS

1. Voice from down under.
5. (Solve the Picture Puzzle).
7. Washington, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Pershing, MacArthur.
9. An army shoe is built upon this, and to do this.
10. Ceased.
12. "Intestinal fortitude."
13. Small model of industry.
14. Teachers do, don't we all.
16. Fade.
17. Imitate.
18. Circles of light.
20. Part of circle.
21. Deed.
22. Civil.
23. Plan.
25. G.I. for carrying duffel.
26. By way of.
27. Poetic works, collectively.
28. Slash.
29. Comes in pup size, too.
30. Negation.
31. Insane.
32. Mass of ice.
33. Birthmark.
35. A fight; also wear away by rubbing.
36. That which brings back.
38. Cultivated.
39. To yield.

DOWN

1. Crooked.
2. Cutting tool.
3. Sounder of air raid warning (variant).
4. Meager.
5. Come and get it!
6. Aged.
7. Swing it!
8. Division of the calyx.
9. In civilian life, light midday chow.
11. Manner of pitching the ball.
12. Waiter in French.
13. Suitable.
15. Carrying a load.
16. Aircraft carrier lost by us.
17. Crack aviator.
18. Source of ham.
19. Part of body most used in flying.
21. Girl's name.
22. Boy's name.
24. Chemical compound.
25. Pal, tent mate (shorter form).
28. Rook, in chess.
29. Rent.
31. What mess call is to the hungry ear.
32. Raised to loaf.
34. One who served in previous war.
35. Living in a democracy.
37. Worn out.

(Solution on page 23)

SHE'S TRUE TO THE 369th REGIMENT

LENA HORNE is one girl who maintains a close contact with the Army. Besides having an uncle in the service, she boasts a circle of close acquaintances consisting of most of the 369th Regiment. This is not simply a case of a pretty girl being adopted by a rugged Army outfit as a sort of sweatered mascot. Miss Horne is on frequent writing and speaking terms with practically the whole regiment.

The relationship began before the war, when the 369th was still the New York 15th, famous colored regiment of the last war. Miss Horne knew most of the fighters from the 15th as fathers of her friends at Girls High School in Brooklyn. When she left that city of homes and churches to join Noble Sissle's orchestra as soloist, she started a correspondence with the home front that has persisted to this day.

By the time the war came around, Miss Horne was in Hollywood under contract to M-G-M and burning up the celluloid with two specialties in "Panama Hattie." By that time, also, the old 15th had become the new 369th and was mostly stationed at Fort Huachuca, Ariz. The majority of Miss Horne's neighborhood pals were in it, so she just substituted Pvt. for Mr. and kept up the correspondence.

After "Hattie" Miss Horne went on to a featured part in "Cabin in the Sky." In her spare time she helped organize the Double-V Club, composed of colored entertainers who went around performing for colored troops. Together with Judy Garland she inaugurated a record series called "Personal Albums," which M-G-M is making for shipment overseas.

Most of the 369th was now in Hawaii, after bestowing all the honorary titles they could on Miss Horne. She, in turn, travelled back east to

Miss Lena Horne

New York and the Savoy-Plaza Hotel, where she proceeded to get just about the most terrific reviews any night-club singer has ever received. In her first two weeks she also broke all the records for cafe attendance that the staid old hostelry had piled up through the years. Meanwhile she has continued to sing for troops around New York and to make records for YANK and the Army Special Service Division to be short-waved overseas and to write to the 369th.

What does she do for all this acclaim? Miss Horne sings. She just stands up on the floor and sings—old songs, new songs, blues songs, anything with a little rhythm in it. She doesn't move much and she doesn't try any fancy interpretations. She smiles, though, and that's when the riots break out. But mainly she just sings, that's all. And *how.*

Words Across The Sea

T/Sgt. H. A. Case piloted a delivery wagon in Seattle some years ago. Now he's part of the Seattle Air Defense Wing billeted at "Fort Frye," Army-occupied hotel (and concerned with piloting other forms of locomotion). Sgt. Case forwards a message to his kid brother, T-4 Robert McBratney, somewhere in Hawaii. "Living in high style at the moment in a 10-story barracks," says the sergeant, and adds, "Hope you are the same."

Pvt. Cornelius Buchanan, APO 932, San Francisco, is anxious for Bishop Davis to get those pictures to Jannie Douglas in Clayton, La. He would like to hear from Edward A. Dorsey, wherever he is. "Rangoon" Baskin is well and so is Buchanan.

T/Sgt. W. D. Taylor of San Jose, Calif., after six years in the Army, is now topkicking the Hq. Squadron of the Seattle Air Defense Wing. Even before he joined up he was military-minded as operator of the PX at Moffatt Field. Sgt. Taylor last heard from his old buddy, M/Sgt. William H. Eichlin when the latter was with an air base squadron at Hamilton Field. Now the six-striper is "somewhere overseas," and Taylor requests, "Drop me a line from wherever you are. Anxious to catch up with you."

Pvt. Ignacio Lopez, now at the School Detachment, OCS, MAC, Camp Barkeley, Tex., is trying to get in touch with his old pal, Pvt. Christopher Luecro. He wants to know if Luecro got the letter he wrote to him. "Please tell him," Lopez says, "I hear from Mom."

Cpl. Edwin Rose, formerly assistant bureau manager for International News Service in Indianapolis, still has his nose in printer's ink, but now it's strictly a G.I. tint. Rose is editor of the Ladd Field *Midnight Sun,* published weekly by an enlisted staff in Alaska. Cpl. Rose is all swollen up over a stunt his kid brother pulled somewhere in Australia. To Bernard Rose he sends the message: "Great news from the bottom of the world to the top. Just heard you were jumped from corporal to 2nd lieutenant a couple months ago. Here's my first salute—sir!"

There was a letter here for Pvt. Charles Bacior, who is touring the States with "This Is the Army," but YANK couldn't forward it. The letter was from S/Sgt. Arthur D. Peper, who can be reached at the 312th Ord. Motor Transport Company (O), Camp Butner, N. C.

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NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pads,
King Kong and sweet reefers were all the cats had.
Their boots were laced, they were really in there,
So far hipped, St. Nick was no where.

Then out of the dark, ole Santa fell in,
Adrape at the front, pegged tight as skin;
He was tagged this time in some hard-cuttin' brown
And the glare from his konk brought all the cats down.

When he fell to his benders and opened his sack,
The glitter and glamor drove all the cats back.
The old hepster rose, with his gauge brewing hot,
And the cats came on: "Hip us, Santa, just what ya got."

"Shuck all cases, and 'step on a snake,'
Never, ole boy, give a square lane a break!
When your gauge is low and you think it won't last
Just as I do—blast, man, blast.
Now, my story is fine and you'll agree
There isn't a stud that's quite hip as me.
Frilly is my play, now take it slow—
Skin me once, ole man, and rut 'Let go!' "
With these hip words, he can't thin the slammer,
And that's the last the cat's dug ole Santa.

PVT. S. FEINBERG
AUSTRALIA

TO THE FIGHTING MAN

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen and knows,
Who has measured his place on the battle line, and given and taken blows.
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong nor scoffed at the failing plan,
But taken his dose with a heart of trust and the faith of a gentleman.
Who has parried and struck and sought and given and scarred with a thousand spears,
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven and isn't ashamed of his tears.
I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all and seen,
Who has walked in the night with an unseen dread and stuck to the world machine.
Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn and thirsted and starved and felt
The sting and the bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt.
Who was tempted and fell and rose again, and has gone on trusty and true
With God supreme in his heart and courage burning anew.

PFC. CHARLES W. BODLEY
ALASKA

GPLD

One thing, sir, has puzzled me:
Who washes clothes in your laundry?
Be it pixie, brownie, witch or elf—
Some bandit gang? I ask myself.

I stack my clothes on Tuesday night,
Recheck my list to make it right.
I tell you, sir, I truly try.
And then—I kiss the bag goodbye.

Time passes . . . two weeks, say,
And then arrives one happy day.
My luck has turned, the world's not black—
I miss KP, my laundry's back.

But then, snafu! I grunt a groan.
Are these the goods I once did own?
Are these the clothes worth so much pelf?
Are these the socks I darned myself?

What vandal's inked such hellish blots?
What trickster's tied such fiendish knots?
Were bottons smashed in moron's fits?
Who chewed my shirt to little bits?

Laundry folk are not like rabbits.
Producing's not among their habits.
Reduction seems more in their line.
They mark the loss with a careless sign.
I cry my grief to a sergeant stony.
I plead and sob; he snarls, "Bologna!"
Who donnit? is the question posed.
My clothes are gone. The case is closed.

My Christmas wants are truly frugal.
Don't need a gun. Don't want a bugle.
And since rich gifts I cannot hoard,
Please send to me an old washboard.

CPL. THOMAS E. SAYLES
FORT JACKSON, S. C.

FOOT SOLDIER

Any field a road for me,
Son of hard-boiled Infantry;
Darkness and unknown wooded path,
Gully and stream and Nature's wrath.
Level out—to me a floor,
Mountain pass—a simple door.
All these things are sought for me,
Son of hard-boiled Infantry.

PVT. ADOLPH SCHUSTERMAN
FORT SILL, OKLA.

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

This may sound like a strange request,
But it is quite sincere.
Please send me just a brand-new heart,
That's all I need this year.

The one the Lord provided me
Was either second-hand
(It broke so *easily*) or else
Was of a fragile brand.

So send one of some sterner stuff,
Of a resilient grain.
Asbestos, now, might do, and wrap it,
Please, in cellophane.

PVT. RALPH E. MARCELLINO
HENDRICKS FIELD, FLA.

Dear YANK:

A friend of mine here, Pfc. Joseph Moroschak, of Taylor, Pa., wants to show his friends overseas that the Army has built him up physically.

The enclosed negative offers proof of his physical development after six months of service at Camp Shelby. When he came into the Army he weighed only 160 lbs. and was not very muscular. Now he tips 178 on the scales and presents a rather unique physical appearance.

PVT. C. F. MCCANDLESS
CAMP SHELBY, MISS.

Dear YANK:

I would like to know what happens to soldiers when they come back and have no jobs to go back to.

Will they be thrown upon their own resources and the money they may have left from service earnings, or will some agency, public or private, aid them in getting a job corresponding to their former occupation and salary in civil life, or will they be forgotten heroes as some were at the end of the last war?

PVT. HARRY MELTZER
BOLLING FIELD, D. C.

In YANK of Dec. 16 you'll find an article covering all angles of this question.

Dear YANK:

Oh, for the life of a battery or company clerk! This man does more hard, steady work and holds a position of more responsibility than the majority of men of higher rating in his organization, yet it seems his rank must remain that of corporal. If any job deserves the rating of sergeant, it is this man's job. In fact, to be very positive about the matter, he deserves the rank of staff sergeant.

Let's look back a few months and see what happened to mess sergeants and supply sergeants. They were both promoted to the rank of staff sergeant! Why was the battery or company clerk forgotten? Isn't his job of equal importance with any of the above mentioned?

Let's get in back of this man of administration and give him his just due, once and for all!

SGT. GEORGE R. JOHNSON
216TH CA (AA), 1ST BN.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Dear YANK:

I agree with Pvt. Alfred Peterson of Lincoln (Nebr.) Air Base [YANK, Nov. 18] on giving promotions on a competitive-examination basis. In that way it would cut out a lot of bootlicking. I'm a radio operator with 12 years of experience before coming into the Army. But just because I didn't do any bootlicking I don't get a rating, yet they will give ratings to those operators that don't deserve them. When I say "don't deserve" I mean they are poor operators. So that's why I say let's have an examination on how good a person is before he can get even one stripe.

PVT. CHARLES A. FERRANTE
CAMP GORDON, GA.

Dear YANK:

Just a note of appreciation for the hilarious McTurk series. But who is the unsung word-jeweler that hides his head under a bushel? If unhonored, I hereby nominate him the King Kong of G.I. Letters and anxiously await the next performance.

SGT. W. M. HALL
KEESLER FIELD, MISS.

Sgt. Harry Brown, YANK's assistant managing editor, creates the confusion accompanying McTurk's pictures.

Dear YANK:

We have at our post a good percentage of men who have attended officers' candidate schools and failed because of drill deficiency. Why is so much emphasis placed on ability to drill? In one school (specialized) as much as 70 per cent of your grade is earned or lost on the basis of drill.

While I realize the value of drill in teaching leadership, discipline, coordination and teamwork I believe too much stress is laid on it.

I am an applicant who is considering withdrawing my application. I don't want to waste the instructors' time, my time and government money in proving that I can do specialized work but I can't drill.

S/SGT. LOUIS WEBER
CAMP GRANT, ILL.

Don't ever underestimate the importance of knowing how to drill a body of men! It teaches you how to be a leader, and there will come a time in battle when you'll be damn glad (if you're an officer) that you know how to maneuver your men.

Dear YANK:

Reading your magazine, there are a few articles we disagree with. First of all you stated in your issue dated Aug. 26 that the three white stripes on a navy uniform didn't mean a "damn thing." For your information they represent three great battles, namely, Trafalgar, Scapa Flow, and Jutland.

Secondly (regarding Sgt. Stein's article of Sept. 16), we Marines from [censored] think it stinks. In regard to our uniforms, either dress or undress, here the Army shows its jealousy. Being amphibious has given us one definite advantage of getting to the scene of the battle "first." As to that remark about our "web feet," we think we are capable of keeping up with any Army line outfit.

ERNEST J. WRENNE, USMC
NEIL J. CONNERY, USMC
GRANDELL D. SHELL, USMC
CECIL H. NESBITT, USMC
GEORGE A. STEWART, USMC
EDWARD A. LAWSON, USMC
WILLIAM P. FINN, USMC
CLOVIS WOOD, USN
EDISON MCNEASE, USN
LOUIS A. CRUZ, USN
RALPH L. POUND, USMC
T. N. COCKRELL, USN
J. L. GRAVES, USN
G. S. MCCOMT, USN
OVERSEAS

In the British Navy the three stripes on sailors' collars stand for the battles of Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar. We have it straight from the Navy feed box that in the American Navy they don't stand for a damn thing.

Cpt. Hargrove's article and Sgt. Stein's drawings on the Marines were so well received by the Marine Corps that (1) the San Diego Marine publication, The Chevron, reprinted them in their entirety with a citation, (2) the drawings have been requested, and sent to, the Marine Corps Museum in Quantico, and (3) the two men were invited to become members of the Marine Corps.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 28
DEC. 23, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

CHRISTMAS 1942

IF YOU'RE a normal, healthy G.I. and you're pulling duty on Dec. 25, you'll probably say: "This is one lousy Christmas." Griping does wonders for the constitution.

Back in civilian life, you'd have the week end off. No begging for three-day passes. No reveille. No jerk sergeants. You could dig into a good meal, open up the Christmas presents, call on the girl, maybe take in a show. You could speak to your old man without getting permission from the first sergeant.

Go ahead; gripe your head off. Only, between gripes remember the fellow who used to sleep in your cot. That poor Joe is doing duty in some outlandish spot called New Guinea. The mosquitoes and Japs are something terrible in New Guinea.

Joe's also pulling a stretch up in the Aleutians. The mud and the lack of girls are something terrible up in the Aleutians. And in Africa, Joe got a bullet in his thigh last week on the way to Tunis. Some Nazi squadron strafed his outfit for six consecutive hours. The Nazis are something terrible in Africa.

It's perfectly normal if you say: "This is one lousy Christmas."

Only when you gripe, please do it for Joe.

Where he is, he hasn't got the time.

SCRATCHING G.I.

Tally Ho

THE story of the week comes from the firing range of a Yank camp somewhere in England. "Ready on the right!" had already sounded when a terrified stag came tearing across the range like a bat out of hell. Hot on its heels came three Yanks in a jeep, gleefully shouting "Yoicks, you joicks!" and trying to get a bead on the buck with their Springfields. Behind them came the traditional pack of yelping hounds. Behind the hounds came the traditional pack of red-coated huntsmen on horseback. The only persons who had good hunting that morning were the MP's who bagged the three soldiers.

Glamor, Goodbye!

From the haunts of the hoss cavalry at Fort Riley, Kans., comes the doleful plaint that the beautiful Teddy Roosevelt campaign hat, like the once magnificent boots and breeches, has been stricken from the list of the G.I. for the cavaliers. From this day forward, says Washington, the hat will be worn only by officers and noncoms, and then only as a part of the field uniform.

Success Story

When the first OCS class of 43 former dogfaces was graduated in England, all of the boys made such good grades that they were sent back to the U. S. as instructors.

This Way Out

The story goes that the captain had one of the boys on the carpet for a dressing down. "You screw up on the drill field! You goof off at inspection! I put you on KP and the mess sergeant throws you out of the kitchen! You can't even do latrine orderly! You're the sorriest soldier I ever saw!" The castigated soldier was hurt and indignant. "All right, sir," he said. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'm putting in for OCS tomorrow."

The Women

The first WAACs have reached England. . . . The first WAAC MP's have been issued their whistles, flashlights and green-and-gold armbands. . . . The plain, blunt warriors of the Marine Corps may have their own women's auxiliary. . . . The Coast Guard auxiliary is known as the SPARs, not as the WARCOGS. . . . The Navy's WAVES have been given their orders: No slip may show, every stocking seam shall stand at attention from skirt hem to shoetop; no hair shall lie in long spaniel's-ears on uniform collars. Square your hats, ladies!

Young People

Secretary Stimson has stated that, from now on, two-thirds of the officers left in Washington must be over 38 years of age.

English Lesson

A Negro outfit at Camp Claiborne, La., is doing much to enrich the language. A white shavetail, who was somewhat stupefied by the jive-talk whizzing about his ears found that he "ain't nowhere," which means literally that he isn't so smart.

To "spank the plank" is to give a lukewarm handshake; to "shank the plank" is to refuse the handshake altogether. A "shank" is a knife. "Got you covered" denotes suspicion and "beat to my socks" indicates a lack of money.

"That chick is hip" is translated to mean that that girl knows what she's talking about. In brief, she's all-reet.

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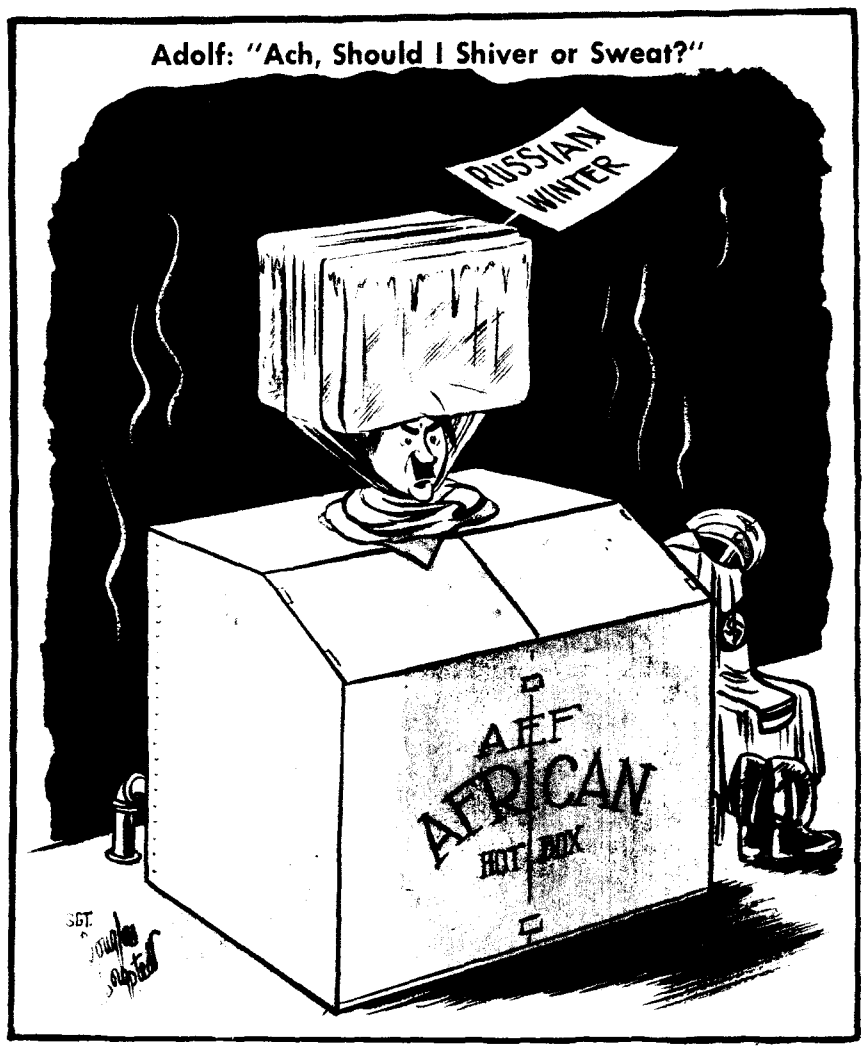
Pictures: Cover, Cpl. Ben Schnall. 4, INP. 5, Acme. 6, Acme. 7, left, U.S. Sig. Corps, right, Acme. 8, 9, Sgt. Bud Nye. 10, INP. 11, Acme. 12, WW, PA, Cpl. Dick Hanley, Sgt. Dave Richardson, PA, Sgt. Dave Richardson, Sgt. Bob Ghio, INP. 13, INP, WW, Gowen Field PRO, PA, U.S. Sig. Corps, U.S. Sig. Corps, PA. 16, RKO. 17, center, Cpl. Ben Schnall, right column, YANK Staff. 20, Acme. 21, top left & center, INP, right, PA. 24, Sgt. John Bushemi.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Democratic Nazis

The Germans in Norway have become so democratic that they are now insisting on their Norse hosts sitting next to them on railroad trains. In fact, they are so sensitive on this subject, that the Chief of Police of Oslo has ordered that any persons refusing to do so be removed at the next station.

It's the Little Things

Among other things that are forbidden in conquered countries of Europe are the following practices:

The wearing of mustaches by actors in Norway. The actors had been slyly mocking Hitler.

The christening of Dutch babies with the names Franklin and Winston. The names became too popular.

The mentioning by newspapers of the Oslo rat-exterminating campaign. One paper gave it too enthusiastic support, with an editorial entitled, "Out with the Rats!" which read equally well if the word "Nazis" were substituted for "rats" throughout.

Metaphors

Nomination for extremest misuse of the English language and the nicest mixing of metaphors any schoolteacher could be forced to hear goes to Fred W. Kaltenbach of Radio Berlin DXJ. Said Fred, on the first anniversary of Pearl Harbor: "Franklin Delano Roosevelt has sown the wind and, at Pearl Harbor, has reaped the wild wind. He has sought to sow discord in Europe and Asia and, on this day a year ago, his chickens came home to roost. Unfortunately, it has been my fellow Americans who, ever since, have been forced to eat of the bitter fruit of his folly."

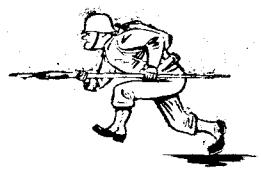
Exoneration

The Stockholm newspaper *Dagens Nyheter* reported that Nazi occupation authorities in Norway ruled the display of Santa Claus in store windows was *not* "an illegal or subversive action."

Children's Hour

For sweet sentiment and unequalled corn, we nominate Radio Berlin DJA's favorite broadcast to America, name of Deutschland Echo, which began a section of its program with this tender thought: "In the country of Baden, bells are ringing. Bells are ringing for you, dear listeners."

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services



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SPORTS: REDSKINS FINALLY GET THEIR SWEET REVENGE FOR THAT 73-0 BEAR VICTORY TWO YEARS AGO

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

THE WINNER'S share of the pro-football league's championship must look sweet to the Washington Redskins after beating the Chicago Bears 14-6, but the revenge must look even sweeter.

For the past two years no one has given the Redskins a chance to forget the 73-0 shellacking they took from the Bears in the 1940 playoff. Urchins would follow them sneering in the street and their opponents would make unsportsmanlike references to it when they came out of the huddle. By the time this playoff came around, even kindly old ladies were begging the police to ban the game strictly on humanitarian grounds.

As a matter of fact, it was difficult to account for that 1940 rout normally, since no pro team is 11 touchdowns better than any other team in the league. A few skeptics said that it wasn't the Washington team playing, but Public School 161, and that the real Redskins had all been kidnapped by gypsies. This made as much sense as any other explanation, including the one that the Redskins thought all along that they were supposed to be playing *touch* football.

Anyway, it was a different story this time and roughly comparable to the second Louis-Schmeling fight. The final margin of one touchdown told little of the actual result; the Bears were never in the running. Even Luckman wasn't allowed to get started and frequently had to throw the ball away to escape being buried under a slew of Indians. The one Bear touchdown was not made on any long march or power play, but on a recovered fumble that a Bear linesman picked up and toted unmolested across the goal line.

The revenge angle is what really made the game so terrific. There are few sights so satisfying as seeing the beaten rise to overthrow the conqueror, and today that sight is especially apt. The Bear-Redskin game didn't have all the overtones of the Louis-Schmeling slaughter, but it was good enough. The Bears had people convinced they were supermen; even the gamblers had stopped giving 5-1 odds and you could only get a bet if you took Washington with 14 points or took Chicago and gave 20 points. A little debunking was definitely in order, if only for the sake of public morale.

This situation is old stuff by now. Whenever a champion gets too good, someone comes along and gives him his comeuppance. Holy Cross did it to Boston College this year in the college equivalent of the pro upset. The Cards did it to the Yankees in the World Series. Alsab and Whirlaway have been deflating each other all year.

Then there was the baseball season when Bill Terry made that unfortunate remark about whether Brooklyn was still in the league. They still shudder in the Bronx when you mention that one. The Giants were in first place at that time and were still leading when they played their last two games with a previously uninspired Brooklyn team. They were not leading when they finished those two games, nor did they ever return to the top. The Dodgers, of course, got theirs this season, with practically every club in the circuit laying for them.

Occasionally the script gets mixed up and the wrong guy wins—the second time. Dempsey was the people's choice in his second fight with Gene Tunney, but the champ refused to cooperate. Tunney made it exciting enough by going down for an extended count of 10, but he got up and jabbed Dempsey around the ring and it was soon clear that these particular revenge matches could go on forever.

Right now, however, the real revenge matches are going on outside the U. S. There are a couple of teams in the Pacific and one in Africa and Russia and England, and while you would not exactly call the result an upset, it will certainly be another case of "supermen" getting the bejeesus beaten out of them.

The Washington Redskins celebrate their revenge victory over the mighty Bears.

Andy Farkas, Redskin back, takes a dive over the top of the Chicago Bears line as the Washington team wins the pro title, 14-6, making up for that 73-0 shellacking of 1940.

WISCONSIN MAN WINS TITLE

CHICAGO—Connie Schwoelger of Madison, Wis., won the world's match game bowling, and $1,500 at the end of the three-day round robin championship tournament here.

Schwoelger averaged 217 pins for 72 games, nosing out Frank Benkovic of Milwaukee, who got $500 second-prize money.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

FULL NAME AND RANK A.S.N.

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Giants Edge Out Dodgers For League Fielding Title

The National League Fielding Records for 1942 have established the New York Giants as the top fielding club with a percentage of .9772. The extra fraction of a point was necessary because the Brooklyn Dodgers had an average of .9770.

Individual records placed Johnny Mize, Giant first baseman, at the head of his group with .995. Mickey Witek, another Giant, was the leading second sacker with a net of .979.

Leading the third basemen was Stanley Hack of Chicago with a percentage of .965. Eddie Miller of the seventh place Boston Braves was the top shortstop with .983. The last place Phils also had an entry with left-fielder Danny Litwhiler, who led the outfielders with a perfect 1.000.

The pitchers were topped by Clyde Passeau of the Cubs, who also piled up 1.000. Mickey Owen of the Dodgers led the catchers with .987.

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SPORT SHORTS

Tony Galento sat near **Lou Nova's** corner in the Madison Square Garden when the Californian was knocked out by Tami Mauriello recently and kept yelling at Nova, "You homely bum, you!" . . . The accelerated scholastic program has certainly mixed up college sports. For instance, the Yale varsity hockey team played only its opening game against B.U. this season. The week after the game, the whole starting sextet graduated. . . . When **Branch Rickey,** the new brain behind the Brooklyn Dodgers, gave the Phils **Johnny Allen** and some $30,000 for **Rube Melton,** he wasn't so much interested in Melton's power as a right hand pitcher. Melton is worth all that dough because he's married and has two children that may keep him out of the Army.

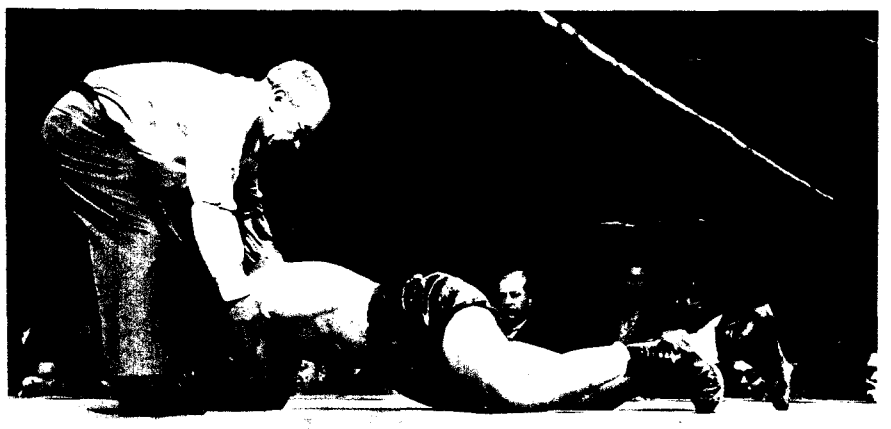
The U.S. tennis rankings of 1942 are a pretty sorry mess. **Frederick Schroeder,** now a Naval reserve ensign, tops the men's list ahead of **Frank Parker, Francisco Segura** of South America, **Lt. (jg) Gardnar Mulloy** of the Navy, **Bill Talbert** and **Sidney Wood.** . . . **Pauline Betz** of Los Angeles leads the women, with **Louise Brough** second and **Margaret Osborne** third. **Jinx Falkenburg** isn't ranked at all. . . . Aide to Gen. Doolittle in North Africa is a former Yale All-American, **(Capt.) Clint Frank.**

Lt. Comdr. Tom Hamilton, Navy coach, has been named football's "man of the year" by the Football Writer's Association. The award goes to that man whom the writers think has made the greatest contribution to football during the year. Hamilton got it for planning the football programs of the four Naval Pre-Flight schools.

TIGERS JOIN NAVY

DETROIT—Outfielder Barney McCosky and Shortstop Johnny Lipon switched from the Tigers to Uncle Sam today. McCosky becomes a naval cadet, Lipon an apprentice seaman in the navy.

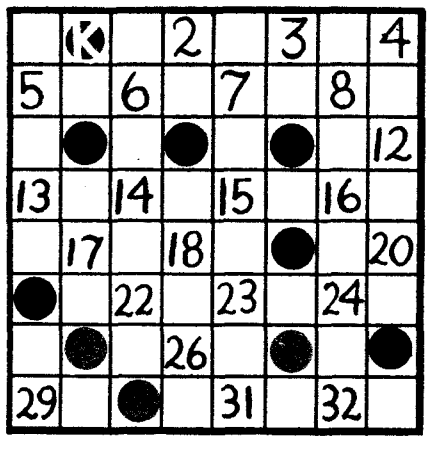
TIGHT ROPE ACT—Vic Smith, UCLA back, balances himself along the sidelines in the Southern California game. UCLA won, 14-7.



END OF NOVA—Lou Nova rests on the canvas, after he was knocked out by Tami Mauriello in the sixth round of their heavyweight bout.

TALLEST BASKETBALLER — Bob Kurland, 17-year-old center at Oklahoma A & M. stands seven feet high and is said to be the tallest basketball player in the country. As he drops this one into the basket, Bob Maddox, five feet eleven, needs a ladder to equal his reach.

Checkerboard Strategy



SUPPOSING you were piloting the Red checkers and got yourself into this mess, wouldn't you be ready to give up? It certainly looks like curtains for your side . . . Black has 6 checkers to Red's 4.

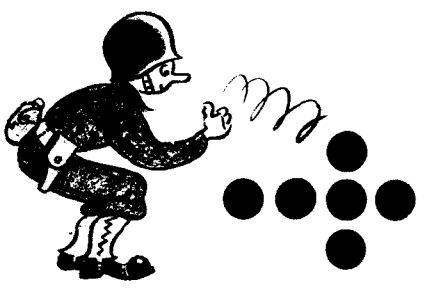
Well, let's examine the situation. But first, number the playing squares on your own checkerboard in the simple fashion shown above—from 1 to 32 in succession. Place a Black checker on squares 9, 10, 11, 19, 21, 28. Place a Red checker on 25, 27, 30 and a Red King on 1. This gives you the above position.

Now, although it looks as if Red must lose, actually, if he makes the right move Red can turn the tables and win!

Can you find the winning move for Red? (Moving from square 1 to 5, or 1 to 6 will not do the trick because, in reply to either move, Black simply goes 10 to 15 and, after the Red King jumps, Black moves 19 to 23 and wins.)

Solution on Page 23

MONEY WALKS



Pvt. Dugan is a sharpshooter — at pitching pennies! See the fine geometric design he has pitched. One row of 4 pennies and one row of 3 pennies.

Now Pvt. Dugan is willing to bet that, by merely moving ONE of the pennies he can make two rows of 4 pennies each. Yes, it can be done! You try it—then try it on your friends.

Solution on Page 23

AAU Plans 1942 War Physical Fitness Program

CHICAGO—The AAU wound up plans for '43 with a special war program for physical fitness which will cover all sports over which it has control.

Tests will be set up as requirements for mass training of youngsters by local organizations throughout the nation.

Madison Square Garden in New York was picked for the men's indoor track and field meet, Feb. 28, while Denver got the men's basketball tournament, March 14-20.

Louis Di Benedetto of New Orleans was re-elected president of the AAU.

YALE GIVES UP CREW

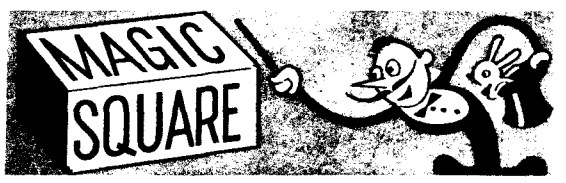
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Yale has given up rowing for the duration and released crew coach Ed Leader after 20 years service.

RACING AS USUAL NEXT YEAR

NEW YORK—Racing dates for the 1943 season at both the Jamaica and Aqueduct Tracks have been okeyed by the New York State Racing Commission.

The Jamaica spring season will run from April 8 to May 8, the Aqueduct from June 7 to June 26.

Fall season dates will be August 30 to Sept. 18 for Aqueduct, Oct. 11-Oct. 20 for Jamaica.



Here's number magic that's easy to perform. In the square below, the numbers from 1 to 9 have been written in no special order.

1	4	3
2	9	6
7	8	5

Can you re-arrange these same numbers in the square below so that each vertical line, each horizontal line and each diagonal line adds up to 15?

When you have done this you'll have made a Magic Square — by the ancients regarded and worn as a Good Luck Charm.

Solution on Page 23

In Next Week's YANK—

THE SUSY-Q

The story of an Air Forces hero who has been fighting the Japs for a year without a let-up in the Coral Seas, Java, Macassar Straits, the Celebes and the Solomons. But it's not a man. It's a plane—one of the bravest Flying Fortresses in the Army.

Also in next week's YANK, Sgt. Robert Neville, completes his close-up of the Canadian soldier, writing a personal interview with the man who leads him —Lt. Gen. Andrew G. L. McNaughton, commander of the Canadian Army.

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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

LEG ART

I've seen the brightest new-mode tints
On ladies' legs that came out since
Sheer silks that brought three dollars per
Are classified as things that were.

A little touch of paint and Susie
Can make a pair of legs look choosey,
And rival Helen, June and Flossie
Who dab and splash to make theirs glossy,
Or with a shade of orchid Mabel
Can tell him she would like her sable.

You'd think that with the Winter weather
The cold would change this altogether
And make them all go looking for
The warmest stockings in the store.

But this is not the way it goes
If you observe the latest hose
On ladies' legs that can be worn
And shades of paints as yet unborn.

I miss the swish of silken sheer
When legs went traipsing by my ear,
And though such shades as cream and flesh
In hose are rare, I think black mesh
In tempting size and even rayon
Beats paint on legs that just won't stay on.

PVT. JONAS CLIFTON
ARMY AIR BASE, SALINA, KANS.

"Watch out for the ship's barber."
CPL. OWEN STASEL
HENDRICKS FIELD, FLA.

AUTHORIZED BEACH PATROL EQUIPMENT

The pfc. on beach patrol in the Newport (R. I.) Subsector is fully prepared for any emergency. His authorized equipment, as shown in the illustration:

- bicycle
- portable 18" searchlight
- Very pistol
- Pair of field glasses
- compass
- ground signal projector
- book on "Identification of Aircraft and Surface Ships"
- gas mask
- signal flag
- rifle
- type EE phone
- dog, attack

The feathered creature perched upon the helmet may be a carrier pigeon, a G.I. issue of which has been overlooked to date, or possibly a seagull with whom the sentry has struck up a friendship.

FORT ADAMS, R. I — PL. THOMAS H. COCROFT

POSITION OF A SOLDIER

A private stands erect and stiff;
A corporal stands fast;
A sergeant stands and gives commands
Until the very last.

Lieutenants stand with ease and grace;
Captains stand in front;
The majors stand and make demands
In language that is blunt

The colonel very seldom stands.
He stands sometimes at ease
And roars, "I will not stand for this!"
(He's very hard to please.)

SGT. CARL L. EDWARDS
CAMP BARKELEY, TEX.

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

No doubt about it — America sure does boast some bee-yoo-ti-ful screen actresses. They're so dog-gone nice, it's sometimes hard to keep your mind on your work . . .

F'rinstance, we had started out to give you a lesson in spelling their names. But, somehow or other, we got ourselves bawled up. The letters just seemed to get mixed. For example GRETA GARBO got scrambled into A BEGGAR ROT. Now—please help us unscramble the names of these ten famous actresses.

1. BATTLE BY ERG
   High-stepping, romantically able
   Her name, you know, is .....
2. ONLY MARY
   A swell pal for a lonely boy,
   The real McCoy is .....
3. THREE PLY SMILE
   Once a baby with a cute dimple,
   Now less simple, our .....
4. CHILDREN IRATE ME
   A lovely package and a neat trick,
   You know her as .....
5. TOD DATED PURE GAL
   By tricky roles she's never bothered
   The pretty, clever .....
6. SHAME AN ERROR
   Sweet at a distance, sweeter nearer,
   The well-known actress .....
7. HARRY ME LAD
   Like heady wine, like shining star
   Boys, come and meet .....
8. BAN NUDE DRAIN
   Some day you'll see her in a turban
   That winsome Miss .....
9. RINSE OR DULL LASS
   She'd look smart, even in a bustle
   The beauteous star .....
10. IRON ALECK EVA
    As tasty as frosting on a cake
    Her moniker? .....

(Solution on page 23)

Army Jokes

(These are the best Army jokes which have come to YANK's big ears. Know any better ones? Send them in.)

Soldier: Hello."
Girl:
Soldier: "Oh, well."

Captain: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"
Private: "I didn't see you, sir."
Captain: "Good, I was afraid you were mad at me."

Private: "I feel like punching that sergeant in the nose again."
Pfc: "Again?"
Private: "Yes. I felt like it yesterday, too."

Sweet Young Thing (leaning out the window): "Hey, soldier, have you the time?"
Eager Private: "Sure, lady, where'll I park the jeep?"

The officer of the day approached the post. The rookie executed the guard routine perfectly and the OD looked pleased. With precision the rookie rattled off the general and special orders. His uniform was smartly pressed, his rifle oiled, his shoes shined.

"I guess," the OD said, "everything is in order."

"And not only that," replied the rookie, winking, "but I've got a wonderful bottle of Scotch on me. Want a drink?"

"Corporal of the guard," yelled the infuriated and astounded OD.

"Shhhhh," shushed the rookie. "There won't be enough for the three of us."

Lady: "Oh you poor soldier—do you always march with a full pack?"
Smoker: "No ma'am, I have to bum them once in a while."

Private: "How long was your last top kick with you?"
Corporal: "He was never with us. He was against us."

Two dogfaces are walking along and pass a major. Instead of saluting, one of the doggies hauls off and lets the major have it on the chin. It is a terrific wallop.

The major staggers to his feet, and just as he straightens his shoulders the other doggie lets go. Whammo! Down goes the major again.

As quick as a furlough can be cancelled, the two soldiers find themselves in the guardhouse. Then they're brought before the major.

"Why did you hit me?" the major asks.

"Well," the first doggie says, "when you passed me you stepped on my bunion. I saw red. I forgot who you were. I swatted you."

The major nods understandingly.

"I see what you mean," he says. "I have a bunion myself and I appreciate your feelings."

The major turns to the other soldier.

"And why did *you* hit me?" he asks.

"Gee," says the second one, "when I saw what my buddy did, I thought the war was over."

A tough sergeant strode into a hut. "All right you lazy apes, fall out!" he yelled.

The boys grabbed their hats and swarmed outside—that is, all but one, who continued to lie on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well?" roared the sarge.

"Well," remarked the rookie. "There were a lot of them, weren't there?"

Private: "Are you going to try to get a commission?"
Second Private: "No, I just want a straight salary."

It was a French class and the instructor was quizzing soldiers on the meaning of certain French idioms. "Translate *femmes de guerre,*" he asked one private.

"Women of war," the soldier aptly replied.

Professor: "That's literally correct, but really that phrase is an idiom and means 'camp followers,' or women of easy virtue."

Soldier: "I thought that was '*hors de combat.*'"

In the cozy cottage of a kind old lady came two billeted soldiers. She greeted them with a friendly smile, showed them to their room, and watched them dump their belongings —tin helmets, gas masks, packs, etc. Then a worried look came into her eyes as she asked:

"Young men, are you sure you came by all those things honestly?"

Soldier: "I'd like to marry you or something."
Girl: "You'll marry me or nothing!"

A second lieutenant on his honeymoon wired his CO the following message: "It's wonderful here. Please extend furlough several more days."

The CO wired back: "It's wonderful anywhere. Come back."

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Camp D. L. & W.

This Tiny African Air-Ferry Outpost Must Be the World's Smallest Army Camp

By SGT. JIM BURCHARD
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA—The smallest U. S. Army camp in Africa—if not in the world.

That's the D. L. & W., which boasts a total force of one officer and four noncoms. You'll have to drag out your large-scale map and your microscope to find it. Located far inland and bounded by wild animals, orchard brush and Free Frenchmen, it's an important stop on the African Middle East Wing air-ferry route. Without it, many a plane would be unable to proceed toward Khartoum, Cairo and points east.

D. L. & W., of course, isn't the camp's official tag. But the boys think it's appropriate. The letters stand for Dysentery, Leprosy and Wogs. A Wog, if you've forgotten, is American for any African native. Despite the ominous nickname, the camp is bursting with good health.

Before learning of the trials and tribulations of Camp D. L. & W., step up and meet the dogface personnel:

Lt. John W. Irving, of Bronxville, N. Y. He's the CO, who left Princeton University after his junior year to join the scrap abroad.

T/Sgt. Bill Tindell, of Scottdale, Pa., the radio chief.

S/Sgt. John G. Koch, of Wyoming, Pa., a wistful bridegroom who labors as assistant to Sgt. Tindell.

Sgt. Victor M. Kelly, of Franklin, Tex., a code man.

Cpl. Leroy Dibble, of Berne, N. Y., also a code expert. Cpl. Dibble was born in Nigeria, son of a missionary. He lived 11 years in New York City. His father now is a captain in the U.S. Army in Africa, while his brother Bob is a sergeant.

The first Americans here were Pan American Airways pioneers. In line with the militarization of PAA, however, the Army took over in the middle of October. By Dec. 15 the PAA was out completely and the U.S. Army Air Force—the capable quintet—reigned alone.

Desolate Spot

Coming into Camp D. L. & W., from the air, the traveler generally turns to his neighbor and says: "Lord, what a desolate spot. I'd rather be stuck on Devil's Island."

True, it does look a bit barren at first sight, but things aren't as bad as all that. The boys have a nice, airy barracks building with Wogs to look after the washing, cooking and policing. They get news and music on the radio. Two big, modern kerosene ice boxes keep boiled, distilled water and beer very cold. The chop (food) is excellent. When fresh meat is needed, it can be shot within a mile or two of camp—gazelle, antelope, guinea hen, duck, goose, field duiker (small deer) or possibly wild boar. Python snakes don't count.

Originally there was no barracks building at all. But a couple of officers uttered bleats of pity when they saw the PAA boys sleeping on the floor of an airplane hangar with no mosquito nets. They wired to the nearest U.S. port for a portable, sheet-metal job. Since then two sleeping porches have been added. Twice the boys tried sleeping in the front yard, but it was no go. Each time they woke up without blankets, the natives having "borrowed" them.

The big complaint is lack of fresh reading material. Sometimes a sympathetic ferry pilot will drop off a few magazines, but they're always months old. A newspaper is unknown. The few books have been read until their covers are peeling.

Still, there is rarely a dull moment as ferry planes and fighter convoys drop into Camp D. L. & W. for gasoline and repairs. And during the rainy season, when snakes and scorpions try to share the nice, dry warmth of the barracks, the excitement runs pretty high.

For a good many weeks everybody believed Camp D. L. & W. was the jinx airport of Africa. Bad luck hit one and all—Americans, British and Free French.

Two Hurricanes, two Spitfires and one Blenheim crashed in a single week. Two Wellington pilots were lost two days in a row. The second time they bailed out. One almost met with disaster when his foot caught in the rudder. The other had the parachute ring come loose in his hand, and had to yank the silk open by pure strength. They finally landed O.K. and returned to Camp D. L. & W. after three days of hiking and six more in a truck.

Plenty of Trouble

A tame gazelle chewed the tip off a Hurricane's propeller. He was accorded court martial and shot.

A curious Wog stuck his head into a propeller to see what made it spin. He was buried quietly.

An RAF pilot backed a truck into a P-40 after mechanics had spent two frenzied weeks procuring parts. The P-40 went back on the shelf.

Two scorpions were killed in the radio room.

Ten men, mostly French, forgot to wear helmets, died from sunstroke.

A Hurricane ran into a Blenheim taking off.

Sgt. Koch was lost three times while hunting in the bush, and was rescued following the use of flare guns and tracer bullets. Two Wogs carried him across a swamp lousy with crocodiles.

French ack-ack gunners became jittery and fired at U.S. planes which failed to give proper landing signals. Always gentlemen, however, they aimed to warn rather than contact.

On the whole, however, things could have been worse. Even a bombing attack by a lone German plane didn't raise too much hell. The lucky guy dropped an egg on the gasoline dump; 50,000 gallons went up.

The teamwork of the five U.S. Army boys, all strangers before they met in Africa, would delight the heart of a big-time football coach. At last report they had solved every problem except that of procuring a flag pole. There are no tall, straight trees to be had, so they flew the flag from the radio antenna.

Incidentally, the Free French presented them with an American flag. In their enthusiasm, however, the Frenchmen sewed on 56 stars.

There are no alarm clocks, and they aren't needed. Precisely at 6 o'clock each morning—and you can set your watch by it—Sgt. Francois Ferrero leads his native ack-ack crew at double time past the U.S. barracks. He shouts, *"Bon jour, mes amis,"* and the Yanks' day begins.

The Wogs carried him across a swamp lousy with crocodiles.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

DOUBLE PUZZLE

DOME plus AX plus WITCH minus HOD plus CHOW minus WATCH minus W *MEXICO.*

BASS
MEXICO
GENERALS
LAST ENDED
GUTS ANT PET
WANE APE HALOS
ARC ACT POLITE
SCHEME BAG VIA
POESY CUT TENT
NOT MAD BERG
NEVUS FRAY
RESTORER
TILLED
CEDE

GENERAL MIXUP

1. Betty Grable. 2. Myrna Loy. 3 Shirley Temple. 4. Marlene Dietrich. 5. Paulette Goddard. 6. Norma Shearer. 7. Hedy LaMarr. 8. Deanna Durbin. 9. Rosalind Russell. 10. Veronica Lake.

CAMOUFLAGE

1. Tank. 2. Howitzer. 3. Bayonet. 4. Fieldpiece. 5. Mortar. 6. Shell. 7. Torpedo. 8. Bullet. 9. Plane. 10. Glider.

MAGIC SQUARE

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

MONEY WALKS

A dirty trick if there ever was one. Simply pick up the penny at the left and place it ON TOP OF the middle penny! Thus you have two rows of 4 pennies each. Q.E.D. But we warn you—when you show anyone this trick, get ready to duck!

WHAT! NO DEPOSIT

The champagne costs 2½ cents. The bottle costs $1.02½.

CHECKERBOARD STRATEGY

a) Red moves 30 to 26.
b) Black must jump 21 to 30 where he becomes a King. Here (according to the rules) he must wait until his next move before he can jump the Red piece on 26.
c) Red moves 1 to 5.
d) Black now must jump 30 to 23 to 32.
e) Red then jumps 5 to 14 to 7 to 16 to 23.
f) Now we have a Red King on 23, a Black King on 32 and a Black single checker on 28. The Black on 28 cannot move. The Black King on 32 can make but one move, 32 to 27, whereupon. . . .
g) Red King jumps 23 to 32 and the game is over. The Black checker on 28 is blocked, and Red wins!

This strategy illustrates two important types of checker maneuver. At b) c) d) and e) we have the IN-AND-OUT SHOT, so-called because a checker jumps IN for a King and must wait before jumping OUT again, and the other side takes advantage of this WAITING MOVE. At g) we have an example of the BLOCK or SMOTHER. Look for these ideas in the games you play.

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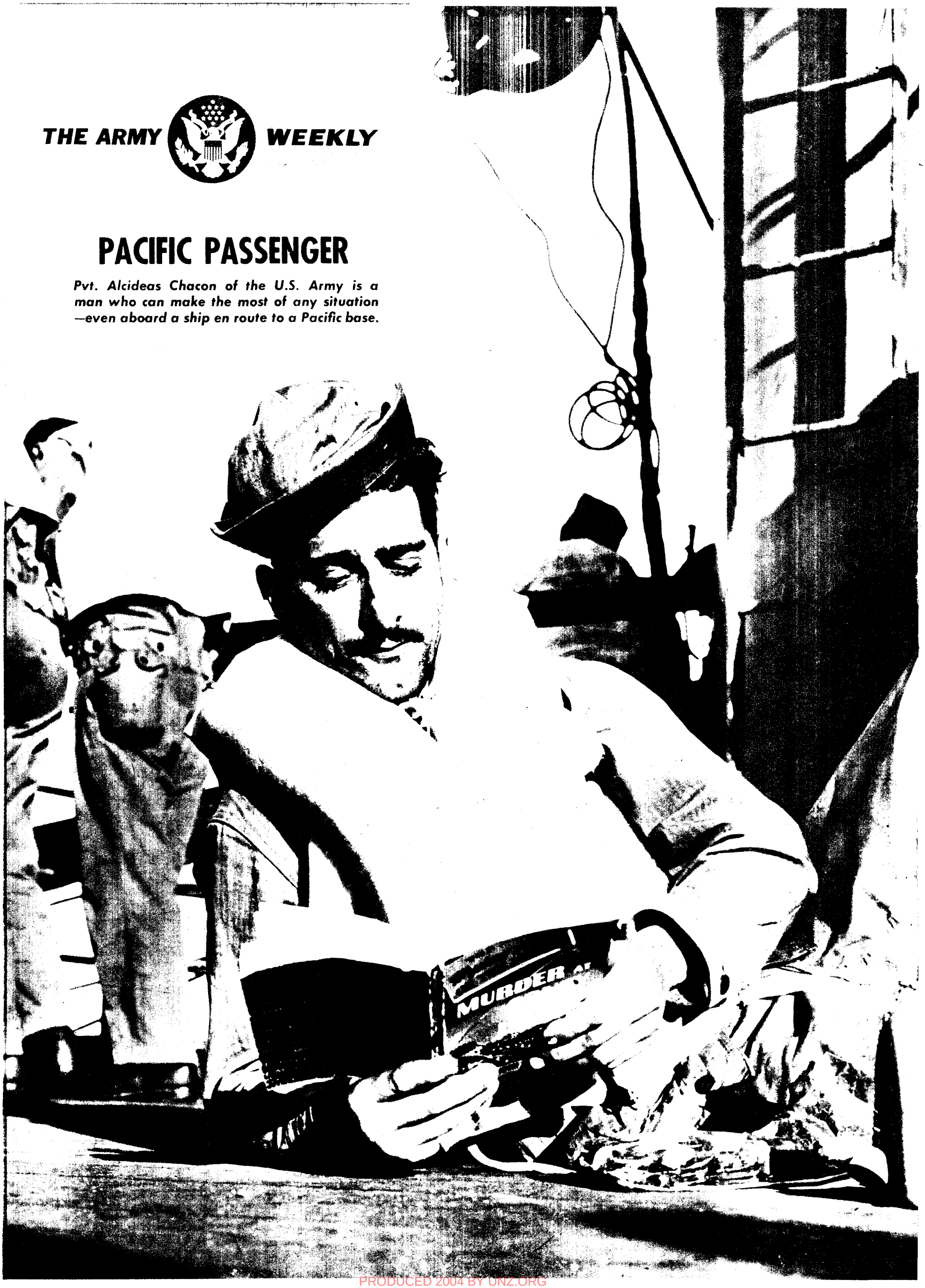
THE ARMY WEEKLY

PACIFIC PASSENGER

Pvt. Alcideas Chacon of the U.S. Army is a man who can make the most of any situation —even aboard a ship en route to a Pacific base.



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